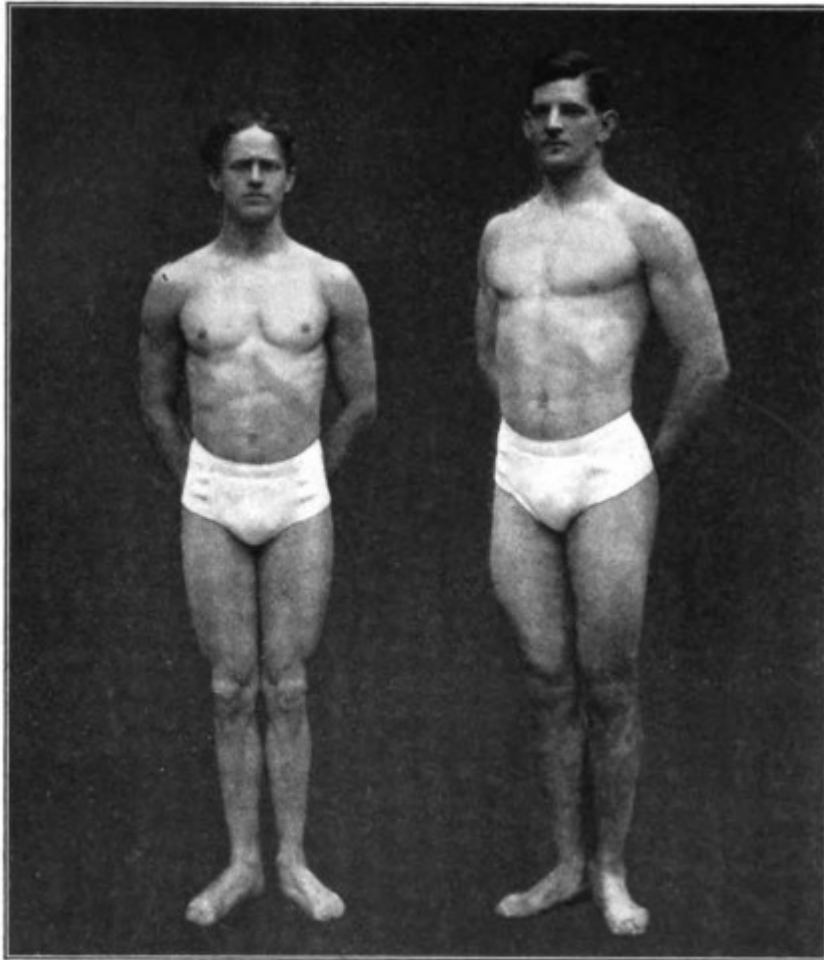


PD Non-Fiction

September 2020



Photograph by Phelps, New Haven.

TWO PRODUCTS OF GYMNASIUM WORK, WITH WELL-DEVELOPED UPPER BODIES AND SLENDER, TAPERING LEGS. THEIR BACK AND SHOULDER DEVELOPMENTS ARE SHOWN ON THE OPPOSITE PAGE.

Yale athletes, ca. 1905, via article republished below (pg 34) from *Everybody's Magazine*

THE THIRTEENTH WAY

By Llewelyn Powys

Profile of Wallace Stevens from *The Dial*, Jul-Dec 1924

JUST as in the 'nineties, golden quill in hand, Aubrey Beardsley, seated under a crucifix, traced with degenerate wax-white fingers pictures that revealed a new world, a world exact, precise, and convincing, squeezed out, so to speak, between the attenuated crevices of a hypersensitive imagination, so in his poetry Mr Wallace Stevens chips apertures in the commonplace and deftly constructs on the other side of the ramparts of the world, tier upon tier, pinnacle upon pinnacle, his own supersophisticated superterrestrial township of the mind.

And it may well be that his eccentric verse does actually reveal more of the insecure fluctuating secrets of the universe than are to be found in other more sedate, more decorous artistic creations. Wavering, uncertain, bereft of ancient consolations, the human race comes more and more to realize that it has won to consciousness in a world in which all is relative and undulating. In such a world it is indeed possible that intimations of some incalculable absolute are more nearly to be come at under the influence of cloud-shadows floating beneath a violet moon than under that of the splashes of actual sunshine lying so confidently on grass, and brick, and stone, and metal.

From king to beggar we are aware of our manifold delusions, aware that nothing is as false as the face value of things. We have, alas! grown only too cognizant of the essential mendacity of the physical aspects of a universe that has no bottom. And this being so, it is perhaps in suggestions, in mere phantasms, that we come nearest to the evocations of that fourth-dimensional consciousness which may well be furthest removed from illusion. If the surface of the visible world then is nothing, who can tell but that the shadows of the surface of the visible world may be every thing? And no poet, not Baudelaire, not Edgar Allan Poe even, has revealed with a surer touch, a surer ambiguity, the very shades and tinctures of this indefinable borderland than has this ultra modern supersubtle lawyer from the confines of Hartford, Connecticut.

It is impossible for us to read Mr Stevens' poetry without feeling that we are being initiated into the quintessential tapering expression of a unique personality—a personality as original and authentic as it is fastidious and calculating. He stands quite alone amongst the poets of the more modern schools in that each unexpected verbal manipulation conceals some obscure harmony of sense and sound which not only provokes intellectual appreciation, but in the strangest possible way troubles the imagination. Listening to his

poetry is like listening to the humming cadences of an inspired daddy-longlegs akimbo in sunset light against the coloured panes of a sanct window above a cathedral altar.

Mr Wallace Stevens' poetry is beyond good and evil, beyond hope and despair, beyond thought of any kind, one might almost say.

"The soul, O ganders, flies beyond the parks
And far beyond the discords of the wind."

And yet he is not so far removed from the palpable foundations of existence as to be altogether oblivious to the passing of the seasons. Like other poets before him, his spirit feels the impact of the spring and finds for its emotions unabashed punctilious expression.

"Tuneless mother

How is it that your aspic nipples
For once vent honey?"

Very curious, very corrupt, very artificial are the seascape vignettes, the landscape vignettes of his demi-world, artificial and yet pointed and penetrating in their decorative integrity.

"In the sea, Biscayne, there prinks
The young emerald, evening star. . . .
By this light the salty fishes
Arch in the sea like tree-branches
Going in many directions
Up and down."

"Her terrace was the sand
And the palms and the twilight. . . .
And thus she roamed
In the roamings of her fan,
Partaking of the sea,
And of the evening,
As they flowed around
And uttered their subsiding sound."

Indeed, as in the last quotation, one continually comes upon passages that seem to suggest a curious sensuality such as one might fancifully associate with certain of the stranger apparitions seen in the circus ring, a bizarre niggling sensuality in accord with some dainty physical disability : the sensuality of a crotchety detached mind which itself is removed from the object of its adoration by convoluted covert laws of super-refined cerebrations.

"To what good, in the alleys of the lilacs,
O caliper, do you scratch your buttocks
And tell the divine ingenue, your companion,
That. . . .
Poor buffo ! Look at the lavender
And look your last and look still steadily,
And say how it comes that you see
Nothing but trash and that you no longer feel

Her body quivering in the Floreal
Toward the cool night and its fantastic star,
Prime paramour and belted paragon,
Well-booted, rugged, arrogantly male,
Patron and imager of the gold Don John,
Who will embrace her before summer comes."

It may be, however, that what I wish to convey will be still
better illustrated by a quotation from that enchanting poem
entitled *Cy Est Pourtraicte, Madame Ste Ursule, et Les Unze*
Mille Vierges, in which God himself is portrayed as being subject
to the most unexpected emotion in realizing, with delicious per
verse satisfaction, that the young girl's sacrifice of "radishes and
flowers" in no way interests him.

"The good Lord in His garden sought
New leaf and shadowy tinct,
And they were all His thought.
He heard her low accord,
Half prayer and half ditty,
And He felt a subtle quiver,
That was not heavenly love,
Or pity."

Or does one approach more closely to a clear understanding of
Wallace Stevens' hermetic art and finicky preoccupations in con
templating the glazed halls and nocturnal palaces that his eclectic
fantasy has set dangling for us in mid-space? There is something
terrible about these suspended edifices. They are made of the
same stuff, of the same unreal reality, obscure and yet objective,
that might disturb the painted dreams of a praying mantis asleep
in all its scaly emerald beauty on a linen-laid tropical table.

"Then from their poverty they rose,
From dry catarrhs, and to guitars
They flitted
Through the palace walls.
They flung monotony behind,
Turned from their want, and, nonchalant,
They crowded
The nocturnal halls. . . .
How explicit the coiffures became,
The diamond point, the sapphire point,
The sequins
Of the civil fans !"

The construction of such dagobas is no easy matter.

"How shall we hew the sun,
Split it and make blocks,
To build a ruddy palace?
How carve the violet moon
To set in nicks?
Let us fix portals, east and west,

Abhorring green-blue north and blue-green south."
And none knows better than the poet himself that it is no wise
thing to let one's glance wander from these charmed interiors.
"Out of the window
I saw how the planets gathered
Like the leaves themselves
Turning in the wind.
I saw how the night came,
Came striding like the colour of the heavy hemlocks
I felt afraid
And I remembered the cry of the peacocks."
Surely this "Socrates of snails, musician of pears . . . lutanist
of fleas" can make us aware of the ghastly lot of our kind with a
most exquisite and convincing dexterity.
"If her horny feet protrude, they come
To show how cold she is and dumb."
Clearly enough we are made to feel the ultimate fate of that
company who, "gaudy as tulips," mount the stairways of those
"wickless halls." The worms speak at Heaven's gate :
"Out of the tomb, we bring Badroulbador,
Within our bellies, we her chariot.
Here is an eye. And here are, one by one,
The lashes of that eye and its white lid."
But possibly the most perfect example of Mr Stevens' genius
is to be found in the poem called The Cortege of Rosenbloom. It
defies completely all rational explanations, and yet at the same
time tingles with vague imaginative evocations. What strange
subterfugitive symphonies of infinitesimal tomtoms titillate the
listener's ears as the cadaver of the wry, wizened one "of the colour
of horn" is carried to his burial place up in the sky! What sly
bemused tambourine cacophony beats upon the ear-drum with the
reiterated "tread, tread" of the mourners.
"It is turbans they wear
And boots of fur."
One of Mr Stevens' most impertinent and precocious produc-
tions is entitled Thirteen Ways of Looking at a Blackbird. The
sixth of the thirteen ways is described as follows :
"Icicles filled the long window
With barbaric glass.
The shadow of the blackbird
Crossed it, to and fro.
The mood
Traced in the shadow
An indecipherable cause."
The ninth way after this manner :
"He rode over Connecticut
In a glass coach.
Once, a fear pierced him,
In that he mistook

The shadow of his equipage
For blackbirds."

May we not be perhaps permitted to regard Mr Stevens' own
poetry as the thirteenth way of looking upon life—the thirteenth
way of Mr Wallace Stevens, this "tiptoe cozeners" :

"This connoisseur of elemental Fate
Aware of exquisite thought."

SEA SURFACE FULL OF CLOUDS

By Wallace Stevens

I

In that November off Tehuantepec,
The slopping of the sea grew still one night
And in the morning summer hued the deck
And made one think of rosy chocolate
And gilt umbrellas. Paradisal green
Gave suavity to the perplexed machine
Of ocean, which like limpid water lay.
Who, then, in that ambrosial latitude
Out of the light evolved the moving blooms,
Who, then, evolved the sea-blooms from the clouds
Diffusing balm in that Pacific calm?
C'était mon enfant, mon bijou, mon ante.
The sea-clouds whitened far below the calm
And moved, as blooms move, in the swimming green
And in its watery radiance, while the hue
Of heaven in an antique reflection rolled
Round those flotillas. And sometimes the sea
Poured brilliant iris on the glistening blue.

II

In that November off Tehuantepec
The slopping of the sea grew still one night.
At breakfast jelly yellow streaked the deck
And made one think of chop-house chocolate
And sham umbrellas. And a sham-like green
Capped summer-seeming on the tense machine
Of ocean, which in sinister flatness lay.
Who, then, beheld the rising of the clouds
That strode submerged in that malevolent sheen,
Who saw the mortal massives of the blooms
Of water moving on the water-floor?
C'était mon frere du del, ma vie, mon or.
The gongs rang loudly as the windy booms
Hoo-hoed it in the darkened ocean-blooms.
The gongs grew still. And then blue heaven spread
Its crystalline pendentives on the sea

And the macabre of the water-glooms
In an enormous undulation fled.

III

In that November off Tehuantepec,
The slopping of the sea grew still one night
And a pale silver patterned on the deck
And made one think of porcelain chocolate
And pied umbrellas. An uncertain green,
Piano-polished, held the tranced machine
Of ocean, as a prelude holds and holds.
Who, seeing silver petals of white blooms
Unfolding in the water, feeling sure
Of the milk within the saltiest spurge, heard, then,
The sea unfolding in the sunken clouds?
Oh! C'etait mon extase et mon amour.
So deeply sunken were they that the shrouds,
The shrouding shadows, made the petals black
Until the rolling heaven made them blue,
A blue beyond the rainy hyacinth,
And smiting the crevasses of the leaves
Deluged the ocean with a sapphire blue.

IV

In that November off Tehuantepec
The night-long slopping of the sea grew still.
A mallow morning dozed upon the deck
And made one think of musky chocolate
And frail umbrellas. A too-fluent green
Suggested malice in the dry machine
Of ocean, pondering dank stratagem.
Who then beheld the figures of the clouds
Like blooms secluded in the thick marine?
Like blooms? Like damasks that were shaken off
From the loosed girdles in the spangling must.
C'etait ma foi, la nonchalance divine.
The nakedness would rise and suddenly turn
Salt masks of beard and mouths of bellowing,
Would—But more suddenly the heaven rolled
Its bluest sea-clouds in the thinking green
And the nakedness became the broadest blooms,
Mile-mallows that a mallow sun cajoled.

V

In that November off Tehuantepec
Night stilled the slopping of the sea. The day
Came, bowing and voluble, upon the deck,
Good clown. . . . One thought of Chinese chocolate
And large umbrellas. And a motley green

Followed the drift of the obese machine
 Of ocean, perfected in indolence.
 What pistache one, ingenious and droll,
 Beheld the sovereign clouds as jugglery
 And the sea as turquoise-turbaned Sambo, neat
 At tossing saucers—cloudy-conjuring sea?
 C'etait mon esprit bdtard, Vignominie.
 The sovereign clouds came clustering. The conch
 Of loyal conjuration trumped. The wind
 Of green blooms turning crisped the motley hue
 To clearing opalescence. Then the sea
 And heaven rolled as one and from the two
 Came fresh transfigurings of freshest blue.



NEW CHAMPIONS OF AN OLD EVIL

By
 Daisy Worthington Worcester
Pearson's Magazine
 July 1914

Recently some distinguished men , and some not so distinguished , have been declaring that child labor in mills is a good thing for the children — that substantially the cotton mill employer of children is a benefactor. Even more recently testimony before the Interstate Commerce Commission has disclosed the fact that the New Haven Railroad paid a Harvard law professor a salary of \$ 10 ,000 a year for “ lecturing.” If it ever becomes useful to certain men to have it said , you will find distinguished men asserting by voice and by type that the moon is made wholly of green cheese. But, as to the good done children by mill labor, here is what an intelligent woman who was employed by the Bureau of Labor in its investigation of woman and child labor has to say about it - and she says plainly what she has to say.

URING the first weeks of my work among the cotton mill people, the sight of hundreds of tiny little children , many of them with death already written on their faces, working twelve hours a day or night, in great prison -like mills , the cries of despair of the women and girls , whose pain -racked bodies found no respite during months and even years of monotonous toil, the widespread and desolating poverty that seemed to be the only fruit of this unremitting labor , all these things overwhelmed me, a numbing kind of horror, a dull ache, that temporarily paralyzed thought and activity . Then suddenly this gloom was pierced by a ray of hope, by a realization that these things existed only because they were not known. If only the world could be made to see what I was seeing, to feel what I was feeling, then little children would promptly come into their inheritance of joy and happiness, then death would no longer strike down such large numbers of these workers while they were still in their youth , then the payment of a living wage, based upon human needs and human attributes, would destroy this degrading poverty that reduced men to levels below mere beasts of burden , denying to them even such necessities as adequate food and shelter.

Then I discovered that this experience of mine was not unique, that indeed, it is so general as to be of universal application. Everywhere, vice has its advocates, evil its champions. Iniquity does not flourish through neglect like some rank poisonous growth of swamp or jungle, but it is, instead, the product of constant, intensive cultivation. Child labor, drunkenness, prostitution, all the great destructive forces of modern civilization, have their ardent supporters, constantly ready for battle, permanently equipped for struggle, with any If you like Pearson's, subscribe. Subscription offers are among the advertisements.

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who dare attack them in their strongholds. Then we learn that it is not mere human depravity, not a keen joy in woman's degradation, not an insane rejoicing in the bestiality of drunkenness, not a criminal detestation of prostitution. We wage an unaided and hopeless struggle, if we regard as our real foes the wretched women and girls, whose loathing for the life that they are forced to lead, makes our own feelings of moral revolt pale into insignificance. Were these women free, they would undoubtedly fight with, rather than against, us. Our true enemies, we soon learn, the real supporters of this hideous degradation of human life, are quite impervious to our spasmodic raids and stupid legislation. Only rarely do they inhabit the "red light" districts. We seek them rather in palaces of stone and marble, leading lives of outward respectability, and professing the current morality. They are merely the profit-seekers of the traffic in women's bodies and souls.

As to the liquor traffic. We do not find our real enemies in the gutter, in the prison, in the pauper institution, in the insane asylum. If our battle were waged against that army of weaklings, our victory would be speedy and complete. Indeed, it is more than likely that these wretched victims, could they free themselves from habit and disease, would join our ranks, rather than those of the "liquor interests." It is not from these human wrecks, from these outcasts of society, that money is gathered by the millions to defeat us in our public campaigns. It comes rather, from our foremost citizens, from the staunch upholders

of the existing order of society, from the profit-seekers of the traffic that not only wrecks the bodies and minds of the men of to-day, but claims their unborn children for its victims of to-morrow.

ATTACK child labor. We do not so readily confound the victims with the champions of evil there, for the great army of tiny wage-earners is so clearly helpless, so obviously weary of its tremendous burden. We meet a new method of warfare here. We must listen to those who assure us with gravity, if not with sincerity, that light, in crushing out the lives of little children through toil, but simply the more commendable, and respectable, desire for money that serves to perpetuate these evils. As to the employment of little seven, eight, nine and ten-year-old children in a cotton mill, through eleven or twelve hours of the day or night, is not evil at all, but is, indeed, a species of philanthropy, that such employment strengthens the children in body and mind, that it is a source of real pleasure and delight to them, that the manufacturers lose money through child labor, but that they tolerate, nay, even fight, for its continuance, for the sake of the children themselves.

As to those who so ardently support this monstrous evil, what manner of men are they? We find them again, among our public benefactors, among our highly respected citizens, among our lawmakers, even. They do not particularly enjoy maiming these little workers for life. They do not especially desire to send such large numbers of them to their graves, before they have reached maturity. They are merely the profit-seekers of the traffic that robs little children of every right of childhood, sometimes of life itself. -

These men, like the other traffickers in human degradation and human life, prefer not to risk their own persons in open battle. And, indeed, there is small necessity for this. Hirelings and thugs, under varying titles and appellations, are at their command in nearly every walk of life. Sometimes gunmen can do their work, when merely a reign of terror is desired; but more often the services of writers, of editors, of legislators, even, are required to cope with the newly awakened social con

sciousness. But in whatever walk of life they are found, whatever the nature of the services rendered, they are all integral parts of a regular standing army of defense, constantly vigilant, keenly alert, drilled, and trained, and paid in coin of one kind or another, to fight for the perpetuation of a system that allows the few to reap profits through the degradation and death of millions of men and women and children.

CHILD labor in Southern cotton mills, together with the whole train of misery of which it is at once the cause and the effect, finds bolder advocates than most of our great social evils. The two most recent recruits to the cause are Charles W. Stiles, Ph.D., of hookworm fame, and Thomas R. Dawley, author of a volume entitled "The Child That Toileth Not." Both of these men are possessed of a marvelous enthusiasm for an evil of which each claims to have full knowledge. Dr. Stiles has been connected with the United States Marine Hospital Service for a number of years, and his work in connection with the hookworm disease has entitled him to take rank, not only among the scientists, but also among the public benefactors, of America. But scientist and benefactor though he be, I think that there is no one who has yet been able to discover either logic or humanity in his plea that all the child labor laws of the Southern States should be set aside for a period of five years, in order that all the little children of all ages might enjoy the privilege of working in the cotton mill. Because all the little children of the South have hookworm, a terribly menacing disease, Dr. Stiles tells us, with its pronounced symptoms of anemia, emaciation, and extreme debility, because these little girls and boys are already afflicted, let us set aside all laws designed for their protection, bring them in from the farms and mountains, put them in the mills. There (Dr. Stiles does not say this, but it's true) they will be shut up in filthy, illy ventilated, damp buildings. They will be worked ten or twelve hours a day, or night, if the manufacturers prefer, deprived of every ray of sunlight, sent into the mills in the early morning when it is still quite dark,

sent home at night, when it is dark again. Bring the frailest and youngest victims of hookworm into the cotton mill, where even the strongest contract tuberculosis, where even the sturdiest fall a ready victim to pneumonia. Bring in the little girls particularly, for the mill has most need of them. Put them into the cotton mill as early as you please, four, five, six or seven years before they reach puberty, keep them there during all that period when life in the open air is most desirable, when rest at certain times is a necessity, if they are not to be physically handicapped for life. Don't such an argument as that betray either the scientist or the public benefactor? Is there humanity or even sanity in that plea? And yet it comes from a man who boasts of his knowledge of conditions. And discouraging though it may be, we must admit that he really does know. Mr. Stiles has visited many of the same mills that I have visited. He has seen hundreds of the same little children that I have seen, working twelve hours of the day or night, and sometimes adding over time to that. And yet I heard him declare in a public lecture that child labor did not exist in the Southern mills, that the pathetic stories that we had heard were merely the rantings of the disordered brains of the professional agitators. To prove his contention, he threw upon a screen some pictures of cotton mill employees, unmistakably adults. These, he explained, were the little children over whom our sentimentalists and reformers were shedding their tears. It was really a huge joke, he mirthfully continued, for these so-called "little children" were in reality adult victims of the hookworm disease, stunted in growth, who bore to the eyes of the reformers, blinded by their emotions, the appearance of little children. This address was curiously enough entitled "Some Medical Aspects of the Negro Problem." The negro was dismissed with a few brief remarks.

The main body of the address was then devoted to praising the cotton manufacturers, to denouncing the sentimentalists and reformers, who were attempting, through investigation and legislation, to interfere with the splendid humanitarian and philanthropic work that the cotton mills

were accomplishing.

Two points Dr. Stiles aimed to impress upon the audience: first, that child labor was practically non-existent in Southern mills, and second, that the sanitary conditions of the cotton mills, together with the peculiarly healthful character of the work itself, were such as to effectually counteract the ravages of hookworm disease.

This address was delivered just at the time that the Bureau of Labor was completing its investigation into Woman and Child Labor. I had just returned from two years' active participation in that part of the investigation that was devoted to the cotton industry. I listened to Mr. Stiles in amazed bewilderment.

Instantly, my mind reverted to a bleak hillside where I stood one cold December night, and watched the mill at changing time. Crowds of children came pouring out. Some of them were as old as twelve,

large numbers were nine or ten, many were seven or eight, and others were not over six, babies, nothing more, who had literally to be carried up the dark, steep hillside by the flickering light of lanterns. In groups of three and four, they came out of the heated mill into the cold December night, thinly and miserably clad, sometimes barefooted, never with anything more than a light shawl or coat thrown about their shoulders. On up the hill, by the steady light of the lanterns, I followed them, in their quickly scattering groups.

Here were two children, eight or nine years old, carrying another, lifting her over the ditches, a tiny girl of six; there were three little barefooted boys jumping over the snow; and here and there a grown person, carefully picking his way over the ice, conspicuous in a multitude of children. Nor was this the whole of the picture. As these children came pouring out, eagerly and hastily, into the mill went others, slowly and reluctantly, it seemed, the children outnumbering the grown people three to one.

Thirty-seven children went into the mill that night, and among them were five from a single family, whom I had just seen at home a few moments before. The youngest of these was a little girl of seven, who had been working for a year, the oldest, a thin, wasted boy of twelve. The machinery stopped for a brief moment at the end of the day's work. I

stood alone on the silent hillside. Through the windows I could just see the tops of the heads of the little children, as they made their way to the spinning frames. Suddenly the silence was broken by the deafening roar of the machinery. The children had begun their toil for the night. It would be twelve hours before they emerged from the mill again. It would still be quite dark, for the sun would not have yet arisen.

This, Mr. Stiles was telling us, was humanitarianism, this was philanthropy.

These splendid emotions of the manufacturers undoubtedly reached their sublimest heights in those cases where the tiniest children were sent home, or hidden in boxes, under old pieces of burlap, or in water closets, each time that the agents visited the mills. Was it possible that the manufacturers were also suffering from the impaired vision of the reformers, or had Dr. Stiles failed to inform them that these little workers were adult victims of hookworm disease, stunted in growth?

THE testimony in regard to this deception - No, I was home with the mumps.

tion would in itself fill a large and Question - Did you know anything about ponderous volume. While the evil of their sending the children out that day?

Answer - Yes, they come after me to get dance was gathered, primarily for the purpose to doff in Paul H's place.

pose of irrefutably establishing the fraud, it Question - Who is Paul H?

throws much light on the whole industrial

Answer - He is one of the little doffers that they sent out. situation, as the following brief

extracts Question - Who came after you?

may indicate. * Answer - Amos B He is the head doff Certainly, little David Pi's testimony does fer.

not betray that great degree of solicitude

Question - What did he tell you?

for the health of the employees, which Mr. ' .

Answer - He just told me that Mr. McC wanted me to come in and work until dinner,

Stiles so fondly attributed to the employers. for they wanted to send out all the little ones.

He said there was some folks coming through Question - What is your name? to take all the little ones out.

Answer - David P Question - And you had the mumps, did you?

Question - Were you in the mill the day Answer

- Yes.

Miss W - went to visit it? Question - Weren't

you too sick to work ?

Answer - Yes, but I just worked until din *

Whenever such deception was reported, an ner time.

attorney, in company with the agent, was sent

Question - Do you know any boys besides to the children come running out of the mill. Di rectly my two come in and they said their pa had sent them home.

legal form . The truthfulness of all statements

Answer — Yes, they sent out Oscar L

was attested before a notary public. Lester P , Sam S and Dewey M

Question -- How old are you , David ?

Answer - I was thirteen yesterday,

W THAT has Dr. Stiles to say , I wonder,

to the following pathetic illustration :

Ques. — What is your name?

Ans. - Mary H

Ques - Where do you work ?

Ans. -- I spin in R

Ques. - Did they hide you when Miss W came to the mill ?

Ans. - No, but they hid lots of them .

Ques. - How old are you ?

Ans. - I am eleven .

Ques. - How did it happen that they didn't hide you ?

Ans. There is so many of them littler than me, THE following extract from little Esther 1 Ji' s testimony shows something of the attitude of a twelve-year-old girl toward this serious problem :

Ques. - Did they send out Arthur F - ?

Ans. - I don 't know where they sent him out or hid him . They either sent out or hid all the little ones. They hid every one of the little sweepers. They got ready for you .

There are so many little ones down there. The mill is mighty near run by babies. Every one of the little doffers is un der twelve. Ques. - How old are you , Esther ?

Ans. - Going on thirteen.

THE following testimony from Mrs.

T - , the wife of one of the overseers in the mill, reveals the attitude of many a

cotton mill mother toward the employment of her children . Indeed, here, as in many cases, the deception was revealed , because it was believed that the government was powerful enough to put an end to child labor :

Ques. - Do your little girls work in T mills ?

Ans. - Yes.

Ques. How old are they ?

Ans. - Bessie is nine and Lillie is eleven .

But you (meaning Miss W] have never seen my

children in the mill. They have sent them out every time you have been there. I

remember the first day you come out here ;

you hitched your buggy right out there to that post, and in a few minutes I saw a lot of

children come running out of the mill. Di rectly my two come in and they said their pa had sent them home.

Ques. What does their father do ?

Ans. - He is the second hand in the spin ning room .

Ques. — How long did the children stay at home?

Ans. They come home right after dinner and stayed about two hours. The " super"

come out and put you in your buggy and then Don H - come after my children to come back ,

Ques. - What other children were sent out ?

Ans.-- I am afraid to tell you . (By the Agents) You needn't be afraid . (By Mrs.

T -) Well, they sent out Maggie R - and Floyd -

That was the first time they sent them out. When my husband come home he was laughing

about how they hid all of the children away from you. He said Mr. H

(the superintendent) come through the mill and told him and B - (the boss spinner)

that they had to get all the little ones out, for the inspector was coming through.

Ques. - When did they send them out again ?

Ans. - About two weeks ago , they sent them out in the morning and kept them out until dinner .

Just as soon as you got here they sent them

out. They said you didn 't come through the mill that day, but they thought you was going to , so they got ready for you .

Ques - Did they send them out any other time ?

Ans. — They sent them out two days last week .

I saw you going into the office and I

just thought to myself that they would be sending my young ones home again , and, sure

enough, here they come, both days. You was out here all day, visiting around, and they kept

looking for you to come in the mill, so the children stayed out all day. My husband said

they didn 't send all of them out, some of them they hid in the closet that first time.

THE employment of young children is, however, not the only evil in connection with the cotton industry . In -

deed . I hardly know , which presents the

dreariest spectacle, that of the sad -eyed child attending her spinning frames, turn ing toward

you a wistful little face, with its mute appeal for

just a glimpse of childhood,

or that of the heavy-footed, heavy-hearted, expectant mother, to whom each step of the many hundreds that she must take in the twelve-hour day, brings the intensest physical pain. After all, there is no comparison, for both are details of the same sad story. That is the womanhood which awaits that little child, and just as certainly, that is the childhood which awaits that unborn babe. Again we have a glimpse of the splendid humanitarianism of the cotton manufacturers, for special concessions are frequently made to these women who are soon to become mothers. During the last weeks of pregnancy, when their physical appearance is such as to provoke comment among

Temperature varying from 80 to 90 degrees. Serious displacements are common, and, among the married women, miscarriages take place with an alarming frequency. And yet, says Dr. Stiles, on the public platform: the crowd of boys and girls in the spinning room. The woman is given work in the weave room where fewer children are employed. After the birth of her child the mother is allowed to go home twice a day, once in the morning and again in the afternoon, to nurse her baby. In the face of such considerateness as this it may seem harsh to refer to the high infant mortality, or even to quote a physician who has practiced among the mill people for years: "I should be happy if I have made you feel that the cotton mill is the greatest blessing that has ever come to these poor whites of the South." "It is no wonder that such large numbers of Again, at the close of an official government report, entitled, "Hookworm Disease Among Cotton Mill Operatives," he says, "By comparison with the soil polluted farm, it (the cotton mill) is a sanitarium." men rarely have the opportunity to stay at home and nurse their babies; at least not until some of the children have become old enough to take their places in the mill. The mother who rushes home for a few minutes from the highly heated mill is in no condition to give nourishment to her child. She can usually come home only twice a day. This means gorging the child. The resulting enterocolitis is to be expected.' A S Dr. Stiles talked of the healthfulness of the employment, I heard again that often repeated cry: "The cotton mill will kill any girl."

And again: "I never knew what a pain was until I came to the cotton mill." "Of course, we had to work hard on the farm," Katie B - said, "but we could always stay in bed when we were sick. Now I stand up in that mill some days when I can hardly keep from screaming with pain." INDEED, Dr. Stiles's whole contention, this eloquent plea for universal child labor is based upon the assumption that the sanitary conditions at the cotton mills are ideal. No account is taken of such mills as B — in North Carolina, where an annually recurring epidemic of a peculiarly malignant type of typhoid fever claims one or more victims from every home in the village, and often sweeps away whole families in a few weeks' time. The physician who treated this mill's people told me that there were more deaths at B —, with its population of six or seven hundred, in a single summer, than there were in the whole year in the neighboring city of H — with its population of 8,000. And this awful sacrifice of human life might have been so easily avoided. The mill superintendent's family did not contract the fever for their drinking water came from an artesian well. The mill workers drank water, foul even to the smell and taste, from shallow wells, dug without any regard to drainage, half way down, or at the foot of the hill, where they received the full surface flow from the numerous outhouses that were never cleaned until the fever began to claim its victims. Another physician, in one of the largest mill centers of South Carolina, said, in this connection: "The suffering among the women and girls is universal, and there is small wonder at this. They must be on their feet eleven or twelve hours a day, whether they are sick or well. They spend half their lives in a foul atmosphere, saturated with moisture, with a temperNEW of the Southern States have anything approaching vital statistics; but — in spite of this serious drawback, there was ample evidence to show how great a menace the "white plague" has become to these cotton mill employees. In Concord, North Carolina, one of the largest mill centers of the State, an examination of the insurance records of the company in which the mill people were quite generally insured, revealed the following startling facts:

Out of 113 deaths among cotton mill families, 24 of the deceased were under two years of age, 16 between two and twelve, 49 between twelve and thirty, 8 between thirty and fifty, and 13 between fifty and sixty .

Think of the significance of these figures, 43.2 per cent. of all the deaths occurring between the ages of twelve and thirty, the high tide of life, and energy, and promise, the years of universal employment in a cotton mill. Nor was this all. Of these 49 deaths, 36 were due to diseases of the lungs, 20 to tuberculosis and 16 to pneumonia and other acute inflammations. Consider these facts in view of Mr. Stiles's claim that the cotton mill is the only salvation of the "poor whites" of the South. Forty-three per cent. of the deaths occurring between the ages of twelve and thirty and 76 per cent. of these due to diseases of the lungs! In this same locality the undertaker verified this statistical information by the statement that most of the coffins purchased by the mill people were for young boys and girls between the ages of twelve and twenty-five.

ITAL statistics were, however, available in New England cotton mill centers, and these are, perhaps, of even greater value to the discussion, since in the North, the issue has not been obscured by the hookworm disease, as it has in the South, where an attempt has been made, in the absence of all statistics, to present this one malady as the universal causative factor of poverty, sickness and death. In the town of Warwick, R. I., the death rate from tuberculosis among cotton mill employees was contrasted with that for all other occupations. Among the mill workers 46.8 per cent. of the deaths were due to tuberculosis, while among those who were not employed in the mills, only 10.6 per cent. were due to this disease.

We do not need to rely wholly upon such scattered information as this for the Dawley has no single achievement to his credit which can give to his work an apparent disinterestedness. Every page of his book, "The Child That Toileth Not," bristles with personal resentment and animosity. It was my privilege to work on the same investigation with Mr. Dawley and thus to be in a position to learn some

thing of the man and his work. He claims that his book is a suppressed government report. The truth is, that the volume, as it U#Mr. Stiles, Mr. Thomas R.

Bureau of Labor conducted a comprehensive investigation into this very subject as a part of the general study of Woman and Child Labor. This investigation was conducted by Arthur A. Perry, M.D. The following is a part of his conclusion: "Female operatives have a decidedly higher death rate than non-operatives. This is most marked in respect to tuberculosis; the death rate of female operatives from this cause being in general more than twice that of non-operatives, and in some of the race and age groups running up to many times as high. Thus, in the age groups fifteen to twenty-four, twenty-five to thirty-four years, and thirty-five to forty-four years, the death rates from tuberculosis per 1,000 were, respectively, two and one-fourth times, two and one-half times and five times those among women of the same age groups outside the cotton industry."

THESE are the facts of which Dr. Stiles is aware, of which, at any rate, he has no right to be ignorant, when, in an official report, he speaks of the cotton mill as a sanitarium, when he publicly declares that all the little toilers in Southern mills are adult victims of hookworm disease, stunted in growth, and when he ardently advocates the setting aside of all child labor laws throughout the Southern States for a period of five years in order that all children of all ages may have the opportunity of working in the cotton mills.

Hookworm disease is undoubtedly a great menace, and all praise is due to Dr. Stiles for whatever work he has done that tends toward its eradication. But tuberculosis is also a menace and so is child labor, and the seriousness of neither of these can be lessened to even a slight degree by widespread publicity in regard to another evil.

now appears, is based upon a report that was rejected by the Bureau of Labor, rejected not only because of its very obvious animus and prejudice, its glaringly purposeful inaccuracies and generalizations, but more particularly, because its author insisted upon discussing that phase of the subject which he had not investigated. Mr.

Dawley was sent into the mountain districts of North Carolina to collect information in * Causes of Death Among Woman and Child Cotton Mill

Operatives. By Arthur A. Perry, M.D., Vol. XIV, Woman and Child Wage Earners in the United States, Pages 31, 32.

regard to the living conditions of the mountaineers, obviously not to obtain the complicated details of the industrial situation at the cotton mills. Thirty other investigators were assigned to this latter task. They were sent to the mills, where they spent many months in obtaining what is probably the most accurate and detailed information that has ever been secured through any study of labor conditions.

R. DAWLFY, far off in his mountain retreat, inspired by the stimulating atmosphere of the Blue Ridge Mountains, evidently found it a pleasant task to draw idealistic pictures of life at the cotton mills, based upon nothing more substantial than his own preconceived ideas and his uncontrolled imagination. .

When he came down from his mountain retreat and attempted to embody his conclusions in a government report, he was confronted with contradictory evidence. Then, Mr. Dawley urged that although he had been isolated in the mountains, he had investigated one or two small mills that lay in his path, on his journey to the mountains. It was true that he had; true too, that the data that he collected for these at Pelzer and at Moneghan, the two show mills of the South, was so rare as to be almost negligible in a study of the cotton industry as a whole. Poverty was found to be widespread. Mr. Dawley attempted to disprove this by photographs of a few exceptionally prosperous families, but cotton mill payrolls furnished the basis for this conclusion. In one mill village there were only five employees who were earning as much as \$1.25 a day. In a special study of the standard of living among mill workers, in which the complete annual earnings of hundreds of families were copied from company payrolls, it was found that the combined earnings of all the wage earners in 75 per cent of the families were insufficient to provide the necessities of life.* The thirty general investigators found cases

of extreme poverty and misery in practically every community visited, that cannot be surpassed for suffering and human degradation *Family Budgets of "Cotton Mill Workers, by Wood F. Worcester, and Daisy Worthington Worcester. Woman and Child Wage Earners in the United States, Vol. XVI, page 170, S'welfare work as was carried on

establishments was characterized by such inaccuracy and incompleteness that the truth could not be obtained, even in such simple matters as wages, hours of labor, and number of employees. He later visited one or two mills for the sake of taking some pictures for another agent. He spent a few hours at Pelzer and thereupon concluded that he could speak with authority upon the whole economic and industrial situation at that mill. In his book he devotes many pages to vivid descriptions of Pelzer's welfare work, but he fails to mention any of those unpleasantly obtrusive facts, which the agent, who spent weeks of investigation at the mill, did not feel that he could ignore in a study of Woman and Child Labor. For instance, Pelzer was openly violating the laws of the State in employing children under twelve years, the legal working age. Forty-four children under twelve were found in this one mill.

One after another, each of Mr. Dawley's conclusions was disproved by the irrefutable, completely verified data of the thirty other investigators. The Bureau of Labor was forced to reject. Mr. Dawley's report, or to reject the wholly conflicting testimony of all these other agents.

radiation by even the darkest of Mr. Dawley's pictures of life in the mountain districts. Child labor was found to be the rule rather than the exception. Few, indeed, were the mills in which the laws of the State were not being violated. The writer, herself, found more than one hundred children under twelve years of age, working in a single town in South Carolina. The ages of forty of these children were taken from the company's own records. Although the children were found in the mills in such large numbers, quite contrary to Mr. Dawley's idealistic assumption, they were not there because they loved their work. Indeed, in many cases, they had to be driven to it, and kept at it, by curses, by kicks, and by blows.

IN no other investigation that has been conducted, either under private or public auspices, has this phase of child labor been so completely and thoroughly studied. In this government investigation, 1,277 children were interviewed in their own homes, and from their childish lips the stories of their suffering were learned. I know of no testimony that is so heart-pared by the writer from the work of the whole group of agents who had made the study of the cotton industry. Not only will these pathetic stories serve to answer Dr. Stiles's and Mr. Dawley's plea for universal child labor, but they may also, perhaps, answer that much repeated question as to how it is possible to keep such young children constantly employed, at the same monotonous task, for eleven or twelve hours a day:

T: following information was pre
L'E Dan B.'s story will do to begin with. Dan was just seven years old. He worked for the mill in North Carolina. Dan worked pretty well, but sometimes he got tired. Sometimes, too, he wanted to play with another little boy who worked near him. The overseer could not tolerate such conduct as this. He kicked the child, jerked him roughly by the arm, or slapped him on the head. If he happened to be on the other side of the room, and his watchful eye saw that Dan was not sticking closely to his machine, he threw a brush or broom at the child.

HEN there was Josie P the mill in North Carolina. Josie was twelve. The law allowed her to work, so the presumption was that she was capable of doing her work well, but sometimes the threads would knot and she couldn't "piece up" quite fast enough. The overseer usually cursed her, but sometimes he jerked her roughly by the arm. Once he gave her such a hard push that she fell against one of the boxes and cut a deep gash in her leg. , working in
r. She worked for the –
Company in North Carolina. Daisy was just seven years old. She was one of those DASY P— was another very young spinne

O':South Carolina mills showed the same awful conditions. Little Eru , an eight-year-old doffer

boy, working in the –mill in , South breaking as this, none that so nearly approaches a direct appeal from the children themselves.

little girls who couldn't quite keep her mind away from dolls and toys. Some times she seemed to forget that she was a wage-earner, to remember that she was a child. When she did, a rough jerk by the arm, accompanied with an oath, very quickly recalled her to her duty. Some times, when she was sure that the overseer was far away on the other side of the mill, she would get quite away from her machine. A spool or a bobbin, thrown across the room, striking her on the head, would cause her to burst into tears, but it also sent her back to her work.

N the Mills in South Carolina, the second hand and section men (those in immediate charge of the children in the spinning room), seemed to be little more than brutes. Stories of incredible cruelty came from all the young workers. Martha , a woman spinner, verified the stories of the children. She said that the men who had charge of the smallest children were drunk a greater part of the time. They not only cursed them constantly, but kicked them, struck them on the head, knocked them up against the spinning frames, beat them in the back, whenever the children incurred their displeasure. Ferris WaS a little sweeper in this mill. The child was so frail that it seemed that he might have escaped some of the harsh treatment that was inflicted upon the stronger children. He was only seven years old, and he had tuberculosis. The little fellow told through his tears, and with sobbing voice, of the many blows that he received. Sometimes, he said, he had been kicked over the floor. A woman who worked near the child said that she had seen the overseer beat him in the back until he was seized with a violent attack of coughing that lasted for an hour. Some day, she said, she felt sure that he would be killed by the blows.

Carolina, is a very mischievous little fellow. His own mother granted that. He couldn't seem to be able to leave his mischievous tricks outside the mill. In consequence, he was " jerked all over the room " kicked and knocked down repeatedly , be by the spinning boss. cause he didn't stick

closely to his work .

The parents did not always condone the Frank was ten years old.

brutal treatment that the children received .

Little Boyd - , age ten , worked in the TN the — mill in Georgia , May -

- mill in South Carolina. One day he age twelve, said that her boss frequently was beaten by the section hand, then swore at her, and if she happened to be thrown up against a post that had a large more than usually tired , and slow with her hook in it. The child's ear caught in the work , he shook her. hook and was badly lacerated. This bru tality did not send the child meekly back to his work, but sent him instead to his home,

IT was in a Georgia mill, too, that little where, screaming with pain , he told his Jessie - aged twelve, had an arm mother of his suffering.

She went at once sprained. Jessie didn 't have the frames

to the mill, where she threatened to kill the cleaned when the whistle blew . The over boss. She was " put out" of the mill. Later seer did not intend to sprain her arm , prob the overseer was discharged, when a second ably . Hemerely meant to give her a hard serious complaint was lodged against him . jerk .

This later charge was in the case of Matt - , a little ten -year- old boy. He grabbed TOHNNIE - , age ten , worked in an Matt by the legs and dragged him halfway J Alabama mill for the Company.

down the room , kicking him all the way.

Johnnie was often slower with his work than the rules of efficiency allowed. On FRED - worked in the spinning room such occasions he was jerked about the T at the mill in South Carolina. room .

Fred was eleven , old enough to be a good worker, but boys never can spin as well as ATTIE — , a fourteen -year- old girl, girls. One day, when more than the usual 1 worked in the samemill with Johnnie.

number of " ends were down," the section Mattie was fourteen, so there was really no hand grabbed him by the ears and dragged excuse for her not working rapidly , except him down the " alley," kicking him with his that shehad lost her forefinger of the right knees. As soon as the child was released hand in the cotton mill. This accident oc he ran home to tell his grandmother. She curred when the machinery was started one told the agent, that when he

came in , his day before she had finished cleaning the ears were " as red as blood " and " as thick frames. She had been as quick as any as her thumb." She immediately went to spinner in the mill before the accident.

the mill with a large knife, declaring her Now she was cursed daily because she intention of cutting off the ears of the boss. couldn't " piece up" fast enough .

Bystanders ' prevented her reaching him , however. The section hand was not dis charged, but little Fred was given work in TOHN — was nine years old . John another part of the mill.

worked in a mill in Mississippi for the - Company. John liked to play in the DEARL C , working for the mill, so hehad to receive his share of oaths [Company in South Carolina was and blows.

knocked down one day, because she didn 't work fast enough . CINNIE B - worked in a Virginia I ARKIN - working at — South 1 mill at This child had her dress Carolina, had his ears pulled one day torn from her back by the overseer on

until they bled , because he didn 't sweep the three different occasions. After a time floor very well. Of course, Larkin should this overseer was discharged ; for one day have done his work well. for he was one of he knocked a child down and broke her

the older boys. He was twelve.

leg .

LITTLE Frank - worked in the same TOAH - although only nine years mill with Larkin . Frank had a long old , worked all night for the series of grievances. He was beaten ,

Company in North Carolina . Some times the little fellow couldn't stay awake through the twelve hours of the night. Of course, he might have if he had gotten enough sleep in the day time. One night he didn't awaken in time to do his next doffing. Noah was asleep, it seems, for the overseer shook him and struck him on the head with a bobbin before he finally got him back to the spinning frames.

W7. could continue this painful

chronicle indefinitely, but there

is small use. You see the prin

ciple undoubtedly. Out of the 153 mills in vestigated there were 83, or more than half the total number, in which little wage earners were subjected to such cruel treat ment as is here illustrated. There were

others in which fines, in the form of deduction from wages, were resorted to, as a more refined method of punishment. Two-thirds of all the children who were brutally mistreated were under twelve years, the legal working age, little boys and girls from seven to eleven years old, the most helpless of all the victims.

The only excuse that was offered for such outrageous treatment as this was that the children were hard to manage. To be sure they were. Discipline of one kind or another is an absolute necessity, if little children, gathered together in large numbers, are to be kept at one task from ten to twelve hours a day. In one mill in Alabama there were 112 children under fourteen years of age at work in a single room. Think of the task confronting the disciplinarians there!

HILDREN are paid to work, the manufacturer says. Paid employees cannot be expected to play and romp about the mill. One hundred and twelve children, or even a smaller number, left to their own devices, are capable of concocting all sorts of mischief. We grant the truth of all these assertions. We are in hearty agreement with the manufacturers here. We do not even believe that these little cotton mill workers are cursed, and kicked, and beaten, because the overseers delight in perpetration of acts of cruelty and brutality. No, it is the same old question of profits. If the cotton mills are to pay their dividends through an exploitation of the children of INNIE A- also worked at night.

* Minnie was a spinner, twelve years old, so, unlike the doffer boy, she had no time when she could either rest or go to sleep. But one night when she was quite worn out, she did lie down in the corner. Of course, her "ends were all down," and when the overseer found her he cursed and shook her and sent her back to work. the South, discipline of the youthful workers is inevitable. That the discipline should almost invariably take the form of brutality is likewise inevitable. Little children do not willingly give up their birthright, the desire for joy and happiness. There will always be the brief moments when the little wage-earners remember that they are children. There must always be, too, the overseer, ready with an oath, a

kick, or a blow, to destroy that fleeting memory.

If we accept child labor at all, we must accept it with a full knowledge of all its evils. We must accept brutality and inhuman treatment as a necessary part of the process of exploitation of childhood, just as we must accept broken bodies and undeveloped minds as the result of such exploitation.

The facts cannot be ignored. They cannot be suppressed. Child labor cannot be abolished by denying its existence. Its evils are inherent in the thing itself. They cannot be remedied by any measures short of complete abolition. Hookworm disease may be the greatest menace that confronts the people of the South to-day, but it does not preclude the existence of other evils, and no amount of publicity in regard to it can ever successfully divert public attention from the outrages that are being perpetrated upon the lives of little children. No dismal pictures of the life of "The Child That Toileth Not" can ever justify or minimize to even a small degree the evils that darken the lives of the children who toil. No gloomy tales of the poverty and misery that prevail in the mountain districts of North Carolina can ever redeem from infamy the fact that thousands of little children in the Southern cotton mills are being ruthlessly sacrificed to prosperity and greed.

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CHINA AND MAJOLICA.

Chambers's Journal of Popular Literature, Science, and Art, No. 745, April 6, 1878

The love of china-ware still continues to be a mania amongst certain classes in this country. In the houses chiefly of the 'upper ten,' we see scattered in lavish profusion little Dresden figures, shepherds and shepherdesses, sweet, fresh, smiling, fantastic little loves, leaning on impossible crooks, or ogling us from under trees whose bowery greenery embodies all that is idyllic in crockery. Wonderful little

old tea-cups, without handles, transparent as an egg-shell, with no colouring to speak of, faded, washed-out looking, are proudly pointed to as almost priceless. From these our great-great-grandmothers, in all the glories of hoops and furbelows, are said to have drunk their hyson and bohea in their great wainscoted and tapestried rooms, discoursing as they sipped the fragrant nectar, much as we their great-great-granddaughters do still, over our afternoon tea; for the world changes, but the human heart does not. All manner of vanities go the round; trivialities of dress or gossip; much tattling about the mote in our neighbour's eye, and a careful avoiding, with commendable modesty, any reference even the most remote to the beam in our own. These pale transparent cups going their oft-repeated rounds may have sown in their day the seeds of many a pathetic commonplace tragedy or comedy, disseminating, as they circulated around the board, harmony and peace, or dissension and distrust.

Your true china collector has undoubtedly in him something of the antiquarian Dryasdust spirit, which loves to excavate and unearth the buried treasures of the past; in his case, however, it is gracefully blended with and overlaid by an instinctive fondness for the tender, lovely, fragile object of his regard. He knows, for he has often anxiously weighed it, how frail it is. Every time he looks at it he remembers the tumult of conflicting emotions with which, once secured, he packed it up with his own hands, and the fears for its ultimate safety which tempered the ecstatic pride of his triumph in the bargain which he had just struck.

To the china-hunter, every object in his cabinet or on his brackets is a trophy. That quaint old enamelled _tazza_ of Lucca della Robbia's, he bought in Rome; and as he gazes at it he

thinks not so much of the astute Jew dealer, for whom, as he flatters himself, his own knowingness was fully a match, but of a long-forgotten holiday, with its bright days of sunshine, and the lengthening purple shadows of night deepening over the skies, and the grapes in ripe clusters on the wall. How well he remembers their flavour still, and the hand that plucked them for the stranger, and the eyes that looked into his! What was her name? He has forgotten it. What her fate? He has never known. A most prosaic ending, truly, to a vanished romance. But her charming grace and beauty unforgotten, blend still in his memory like a sweet rhythmical chant, and beautify with a glory not altogether its own this rare old cup of Lucca della Robbia's.

With a sigh he turns from it to contemplate this old plate of mezza-majolica. Opal-hued, iridescent, it darts at him as he gazes upon it subtle flashes of blue and yellow and ruby-hued flame, rejoicing his soul with a deep unalterable conviction that it at least is real. He acquired it in Urbino, many, many years after he became the happy possessor of the Lucca della Robbia cup. He paid a full price for it too; but although a close man, he does not, and has never regretted the imprudence. At the sight of that beautiful plate, which he is pleased to call unique, his charmed heart melts away into softness, and his purse-strings begin to relax of their own accord. It moves his spleen to see careless visitors pass it by, as they sometimes do, to gaze at the soft beauty of that bright yellow-robed maiden, with dove upon her hand, who hovers self-forgetful upon the very verge of a pea-green china sea. The poor old quaint plate of mezza-majolica, gleaming there like a veritable jewel, is a treasure he jealously guards, and of its history we would say a few words.

The Italian enamelled earthenware which became famous under the name of Majolica, was first produced in 1300 in a town in the duchy of Urbino, which was under the feudal sway of the Malatestas, who were lords of Pesaro. Vessels of red clay such as had been long in use were covered with a thin coating of white earth obtained from the neighbourhood of Siena, and upon this ground different coloured patterns were traced. The vessels were then partly baked and covered with lead-glaze, after which they received a final firing. This delineation of coloured patterns upon an opaque white substance was the humble germ out of which the splendid many-hued majolica ware grew.

The colours employed were usually yellow, green, blue, and black; and the soft lead glaze, which was easily affected by external influences, imparted to the pottery that metallic iridescent lustre which is the special characteristic of majolica. To the Spanish Moors, this art was also well known; and some of their beautiful masterpieces finding their way into Italy, acted as a fillip to the infant art, which long remained swathed in rude and ungraceful swaddling-bands. While it was in this transition state, a new tin glaze was discovered, and applied to terra-cotta bas-reliefs by the famous Lucca della Robbia, and the lordship of Pesaro was sold to the house of Sforza. The new feudal superiors took an extreme interest in the potteries, and granted such special privileges to the manufacturers, that in a short time they succeeded in making Pesaro famous for the production of majolica. Early specimens of the ware manufactured here are generally adorned with Moorish arabesques and coats of arms. Heads of saints are also a favourite study, and so are heathen goddesses; while heads of the popes and Dukes of Urbino abound, the name being affixed, to prevent all

mistake as to the portrait.

In the pottery of the Pesaro manufactory, the outlines of the subjects are traced in black or blue, and are in general correctly drawn; but the figures are flat and hard, without a vestige of the breadth and freedom which give such admirable life and vigour to the etchings on the Greek vases; all faults in design or execution being atoned for by the marvellous beauty and finish of the glaze, whose iridescent splendour has been equalled but never surpassed by later artists. The most beautiful specimens of this ware are due to the genius of an obscure artist, whose very name has been forgotten, who flourished in Pesaro about 1480. The dishes he made were large and thick, and were intended not so much for use as for display; as is shewn by holes in a projection behind, through which strings were passed in order to suspend them from the wall. The colours he used were blue and yellow, and they shone with a rare and matchless mother-of-pearl splendour.

At the end of the fifteenth century tin enamel had come into general use, and the potteries of the duchy of Urbino had begun to manufacture a finer majolica ware. The art may be said to have reached its most palmy period. The finest qualities of the old mezza-majolica were retained in the new manufacture, and far greater artistic skill was displayed in the painting and ornamentation. The town of Gubbio acquired a world-wide fame by the beauty of its lustrous majolica; and in the year 1485, Georgio Andreoli, a gentleman of Pavia, was attracted to it. He was a painter and sculptor by profession; and his majolica plates, glowing like jewels with the richest and most brilliant colours, are still famous. He excelled in the use of ruby red and golden yellow, and his ware is generally encircled by a

brilliant flame-coloured border. He delights also in the picturesque effect produced by gold arabesques on a ground of vivid blue. His period of greatest activity was from 1486 to 1537. To china-fanciers he is known as the famous Maestro Georgio of Gubbio, and his works now command almost incredible prices. He is charged with having made a secret of his metallic lustre, and with having travelled about the country selling his recipes to the highest bidder; but for this charge there is no good ground. His brothers and his son worked along with him, and they had many assistants, to whom all the processes of the manufacture were known. In the city of Urbino, where Raphael was born, the manufacture of majolica ware was carried on with great spirit and success. Among the foremost of the ceramic artists of Urbino was a certain Orazio Fontana. His designs, which are characterised by great freedom and breadth of style, and truth and fidelity of drawing, are likewise brilliantly coloured and admirably glazed. One of his masterpieces, a magnificent cup, in the possession of Baron Rothschild, has his name inscribed upon it; a frequent practice with the great Italian potters.

All over the duchy of Urbino, potteries of this ware flourished at Gubbio, at Pesaro, at Urbino, and at Castel Durante. From these workshops potters travelled with their secrets to other parts of Italy and also to Flanders. The majolica of Castel Durante is very beautifully finished; and one of its principal manufacturers, Piccolo Passo, wrote a treatise upon the art of making and decorating majolica.

Faenza, which has given its name in France to all soft pottery, also produced much beautiful majolica ware. The Faenza majolica has, like that of Urbino, a rich marzacotta glaze, and some of the more ancient

specimens are enamelled in berettino, a pale-blue tint. The later Faenza majolica is in style very like that of Urbino; decorative and embossed embellishments are laid aside, and pictorial designs are generally used.

Such is a brief sketch of an art for which Raphael and Marc Antonio did not disdain to furnish compositions, and whose masterpieces not only found ready access into palaces, but were presented to churches and hung up in cathedrals during the middle ages as votive offerings to saints.

THE PROPHET OF A NEW CULTURE

Project Gutenberg's *The Little Review*, March 1914 (Vol. 1, No. 1), by Various

GEORGE BURMAN FOSTER

A profound unrest tortures the heart of the modern man. The world, slaughtering the innocents, is meaningless; life, bruised and bewildered, is worthless--such is the melancholy mood of modernity. Today life is a burden to many to whom it was once a joy. Decadents, they call themselves, who rediscover the elements of their most personal life in everything that is weary and ailing. We are all more or less infected with this weariness and ennui. The blows which the spirit experiences from opposing sides today are so powerful that no one is in a position to endure them with equanimity. The forces resident within the soul no longer suffice to give support and stability to life. Hence our culture has lost faith in itself. Our civilization is played out. What the Germans call *Weltschmerz* has come over us. Philosophers have fashioned it into systems; singers, into song--the sad but not sweet

music of humanity; sufferers all, into a sharp cry for redemption. Deniers of the malady must have their eyes opened by physicians, scurrying around curatively in this humanity.

First of all, there are those who borrow their panacea from religion. They demand a reform of the ecclesiastical life according to the sense and spirit of primitive Christianity. They propose to recover the religion of Jesus, and to find in it healing for all the diseases of the times. But this remedy is so complicated that it reveals rather than heals the whole disunity and distraction of our present life. It was Tolstoi, in garb of desert prophet, who would restore original Christianity. He preached a radical reversal of our cultural life--a monastic asceticism, a warfare against all life's impulses, on whose development our culture is founded. And ecclesiastical liberals would do virtually the same thing when they try to extract from the religion of Jesus a food that shall be palatable to modern taste, and then call their _ragout_, compounded according to their own recipe, "original" Christianity.

There are other voices, noisier and more numerous. These hold Christianity in all its forms to be the hereditary evil of humanity, and see the salvation of the world only in a purification of life from every Christian memory. Owing to the brisk international interchange of ideas today, Buddhism has awakened a momentary hope, as if from the religion of far-off India a purer spiritual atmosphere might be wafted to us, in which we could convalesce from the Christian malady.

Now, what shall we say of all these strivings to heal the hurt of the modern mind?

All of them have one adverse thing in common: They would tear up an old

tree by its roots, and put in its place another tree equally as old and equally as rotten. There is something reactionary in all of them. They want to cure the present by the past. It is precisely this that cannot be done. If Christianity was once original, spontaneous, creative, it is so no more. We cannot lead an age back to Jesus, which has grown out beyond him. And the Buddha-religion is no more youthful and life-giving than the Jesus-religion. It is indicative of the depth of the disgust and the extent of the confusion on the part of the man of today that such a hoary thing as Buddhism can make so great an impression upon him. A revived, renascent heathenism, even as compared with Christianity, would mean a reactionary and outlived form of life. That men of moral endeavor and scientific vision could hope for a substitute for Christianity, a conquest over Christianity, in a rebirth of paganism, is a new riddle of the Sphinx.

One way only remains out of the aberration and dividedness of our present life: not _backward_, but _forward_! No winning of a religious view of the world in any other way! No pursuit of the tasks of the moral life by those who seek a real part and place in the modern world, in any other way!

Hence, a man is coming to be leader--a man who, as no other, embodies in himself all the pain and all the pleasure, all the sickness and all the convalescence, all the age and all the youth, of our tumultuous and tortured times: _Friedrich Nietzsche_!

I do not know how many of you know the poet of _Zarathustra_. But if you do not know him, if you have never even heard his name, yet you do know him, for a part of him is in your own heart and hope. If you have ever thought seriously about yourself, if you have even tried to think seriously about yourself, you have taken up into

yourself a part of
 Nietzsche as you have so thought. Even without
 your knowledge or
 intention, you have passed into the world of
 thought for which the name
 of Nietzsche stands. It has been only now and
 then, in quite significant
 turning points in human history, and only in
 the case of the rarest of
 men, that such an influence has gone forth as
 from this man. Once in the
 horizon of his power, and you are held there as
 by magic. And yet not in
 centuries has a name been so reviled and
 blasphemed as his.
 Anathematized from the pulpit, ridiculed from
 the stage, demolished by
 any champion of blatant and blind
 bourgeoisie, refuted regularly by
 pedants, he is still Friedrich Nietzsche, and,
 unlike most preachers,
 his congregation grows from year to year.
 Newspapers, always sensitive
 to the pulse-beat of mediocrity, tell us that "the
 man is dead"; that he
 belongs to the past; that he is already forgotten.
 But he is more alive,
 now that he is dead, than he was when he was
 living. Dead in the flesh,
 he is alive in the spirit, as is so often the case.
 Superficial
 misunderstandings, transient externals,
 regrettable excrescences--these
 were interred with his bones. The real and true
 Nietzsche lives, and has
 the keys of death and of hell. Who has the
 youth has the future--and
 this is why the future belongs to Nietzsche; for
 no contemporary so
 gathers the youth under his shining banner.
 And it is because the moral
 seething of our time, our struggle with
 questions of the moral life, are
 recapitulated and epitomized in Nietzsche, that
 he stands out, like an
 Alpine apocalypse, as the new prophet of our
 new day. The mysterious
 need of a man to find himself in another,
 another in himself, as deep
 calls unto deep or star shines unto star, is met
 in the resources of the
 great personality of Nietzsche.

The new day whose billows bear us afar began
 with doubt. First, a doubt

of the Church and its divine authority. A
 violent, devastating storm
 swept over popular life. The storm was speedily
 exorcised. Again--

"The sea of faith
 Was once, too, at the full, and round earth's
 shore
 Lay like the folds of a bright girdle furled."

A new faith emerged from the old doubt, like
 sweet waters in a bitter
 sea, and kept man a living soul.

"The sea is calm tonight;
 The tide is full."

But the calm proves to be treacherous. The tide
 of the new faith now in
 the bible, and in the doctrine derived from the
 bible, went back to sea,
 and now I only hear

"Its melancholy, long, withdrawing roar,
 Retreating to the breath
 Of the night-wind down the vast edges drear
 And naked shingles of the world."

The human spirit urged a new, mightier protest
 against the "It is
 written," which was said to put an end to all
 doubt. The new doubt, as
 free inquiry, as protestant science, flung down
 the gauntlet to the
 bible faith. No page of the sacred book remained
 untouched. Only one
 certainty sprang from this new doubt--the
 certainty that the sacred book
 was a human book. Therefore it had no right to
 rule over man. Man was
 its judge; it was not man's judge. It must be
 measured by man's truth,
 man's conscience.

How, now, should the timorous heart of man be
 quieted in the presence of
 this new doubt? At once new props were offered
 him--truth and the state.
 What science recognized as "true," what morals
 and _bourgeoise_ customs
 and civil law sanctioned as "good"--these were
 now proffered man, that
 he might brace up his tottering life thereby.
 "Trust the light of
 science, and you shall indeed have the light of

life; do what is 'good,'
 and you shall be crowned with the crown of
 life." This was the
 watchword. Then there stirred in the womb of
 present-day humanity the
 last, ultimate, uncanniest doubt. If we doubt
 the Church, why not doubt
 the state, too? If we doubt faith, why not doubt
 science, too? If we
 doubt the bible, why not doubt reason, doubt
 knowledge, doubt morality?
 Even if what we call "true" be really true, can it
 make us happy? Can
 the men who have all the knowledge of our time
 at their disposal, can
 the scholars, can the cultivated, really become
 fit leaders of humanity
 through life's little day? Is not that which is
 called "good" grievous
 impediment in our pilgrimage? Law, morals--are
 not these perhaps a
 blunder of history, an old hereditary woe with
 which humanity is
 weighted down?

This doubt--long and ominously maturing
 throughout the spiritual
 evolution of our new time--finds its most
 radical, most conscious, and
 most eloquent expression in Friedrich
 Nietzsche. He launches this doubt
 not only against all that has been believed and
 thought and done, but
 against all that men believe and think and do
 today. He shakes every
 position which men have held to be unshakable.
 An irresistible,
 diabolical curiosity impels him to transvalue all
 values with which men
 have reckoned, and to inquire whether they are
 values at all; whether
 "good" must not be called evil, "truth" error. As
 Nietzsche ventures
 upon this experiment of his curiosity, as he
 advances farther and
 farther with it, suddenly he laughs with an
 ironic, uproarious laughter.
 The experiment is a success! In the new
 illumination all the colors of
 life change. Light is dark, dark is light. What
 men had appraised as
 food, as medicine, evinced itself to be dangerous
 poison, miserably
 encompassing their doom. And since men
 believed that all the forces

present, dying, poisoned culture, were resident
 in their "morals" and
 their "Christianity," it was necessary to smash
 the tables of these old
 values. In full consciousness of his calling as
 destroyer of these old
 tables, Nietzsche called himself the immoralist,
 the anti-Christ. Morals
 and Christianity signified to him the most
 dangerous maladies with which
 men were suffering. He considered it to be his
 high calling as savior to
 heal men of these maladies. He sprang into the
 breach as
 anti-Christ. Like Voltaire, he was the apostle
 and genius of
 disrespect--respectability was the only disgrace,
 popularity the only
 perdition.

Nietzsche the Immoralist, Nietzsche the
 Antichrist! Dare we write his
 name and name his writings without calling
 down upon our much-pelted
 heads the wrath of the gods? Does he not
 blaspheme what is sacred, and
 must we not, then, give him a wide berth? There
 are the familiar words
 concerning false prophets in sheep's clothing,
 but ravening wolves
 within. Such wolves there are--smooth, sleek
 men, paragons of "virtue,"
 and "morals," and "faith," but revolting enough
 in their inner rawness
 as soon as you get a glimpse of their true
 disposition. Conversely,
 might there not be men who come to us in
 wolves' clothing, but whose
 hearts are tender and rich and intimate with a
 pure and noble humanity?
 We know such men. Friedrich Nietzsche was
 one of them. He was a true
 prophet. All his transvaluations dealt deadly
 blows at the old, false,
 man-poisoning prophetism. What if more
 morals matured in this
 immoralist, more Christianity in this anti-
 Christ, more divinity in this
 atheist, than in all the pronouncements of all
 those who today still are
 so swift to despise and damn what they do not
 understand?

Even Christianity, at its origin, in its young and
 heroic militancy, was

not so amiable and harmless as we are wont to think. It, too, was born of the doubt of that whole old culture; of the most radical protest again _status quo_. It, too, leagued with all the revolutionary spirits of humanity. And it, too, revalued all the values of "faith" and "morals." What if this new Nietzschean spirit of life's universal reform, this creative, forward-striving genius of humanity, be once yet again embodiment and representative of life's essential element of rejuvenescence and growth? What if true prophets are always men of _Sturm und Drang_, men of divine discontent, fellow-conspirators with the Future? Anti-Christ? These are they who blaspheme the holy spirit of humanity. Immoralists? These are they who say that life is good as it is, and therefore should stay as it "is" forever. Faith? This is directed, not to the past, but to the future; not to the certain, but to the uncertain. Faith is the venturesomeness of moral knighthood. Nietzsche was a Knight of the Future.

Why, then, should not a magazine of the Future interpret Nietzsche the prophet of a new culture? Man as the goal, beauty as the form, life as the law, eternity as the content of our new day--this is Nietzsche's message to the modern man. In such an interpretation, Man and Superman should be the subject of the next article.

FABLE IN THE PRIMITIVE MANNER

By Margaret R. Delano
from *The Smart Set*, Sept-Dec 1923

ELLEN was queer. Her mother thought so, her father thought so, the neighbors said so. She liked it. She had to be something. Her hair was straight, thin and oily, her face was like her hair and her legs were straight and thin. As a child she lied and stole things.

Once her father whipped her, but she bit his finger so hard that the doctor had to come and sew it up. She was a horrid child. After a while she grew up. She was horrider than ever, but she was beautiful. No one knew how it happened, she didn't herself, but there she was. Her hair was as straight as ever but it was shiny and alluring. Her eyes and mouth were compelling, and her legs were masterpieces. She still lied and stole things, mostly other people's husbands. She didn't want them, but it had got to be a habit. Then she met Gerald. He was good and pure and innocent. She loved him. They were married and she resolved to be a good wife to him. Every morning she got up first and closed the window. Every evening she greeted him with a sweet smile when he came home. She had two children, dear little things, good, like Gerald. One morning she woke up and felt cross. She looked at Gerald. He was asleep. His eyes were closed and his mouth open. He looked depressingly good. She poked the shoe horn down his throat and strangled him. Bye and bye she was old. She was what is known as a "very wicked old lady." Young people adored her and she taught them how to lie. She grew very rich. No one knew how. She was worse than ever. She hired little boys to push old women as they were getting off trolley cars. She was hateful. Once she thought she was going to die, and gave all her money away to charity. When she got well she wanted it back, but they wouldn't give it to her. This threw her into such a rage that she died anyway. It was a good thing. She was awful.

TOWARD ENLIGHTENED NATIONALISM

by Joe Biden
Delivered on 28 October 2003.
in the United States Senate

Let me start by saying that I listened to the

President's press conference today, where he talked about the violation of UN Security Council resolutions constituting the casus belli for action against Iraq. And the President went on to say that the UN is an important institution, and to maintain its credibility there must be a price paid for violating its resolutions.	simple: Do our priorities, our policies, our actions make us MORE SECURE OR LESS SECURE?
I am greatly encouraged if, by these comments, he means to say that he is abandoning the doctrine of preemption that many in his administration have counseled him to adopt.	I believe this Administration's priorities, policies, and actions demonstrate much too narrow a definition of national security.
Based on his comments, I continue to be hopeful that the Administration's recent U-turn on Iraq, its commitment to make Iraq the world's responsibility, and not just our own – is more than rhetorical.	As a result, we have missed significant opportunities to make America more secure.
But, I must say, the Administration's recent epiphany, welcome as it is still leaves our foreign policy headed in the wrong direction and that is what I want to talk about tonight.	The devastating punch we took on September 11th still reverberates throughout American society.
Let me be clear at the outset.	I've spoken many times recently about the pervasive sense of vulnerability and insecurity we feel, not only collectively as a nation, but in our personal lives, and it has not gotten any better.
I do not question the motives of either the neo-conservatives in this Administration who discount the value of alliances and the international institutions we've built or the pure multilateralists in my own Party who believe that we can only exercise power if we get the world's approval first.	We think twice about our travel plans.
It is my view that we cannot conduct foreign policy at the extremes.	We think twice about riding elevators in tall buildings.
The stakes are much too high.	We even think twice about letting our kids go on field trips.
This is not a time for political rhetoric.	Yesterday's soccer moms truly are today's security moms.
This is a time for hard facts, sober analysis, and decisive action that will make us more secure.	In the days after 9-11, those moms – and Americans everywhere – looked for a way they could do something to help.
It is a time for a more enlightened nationalism that supports the use of force – without apology or hesitation – when we must.	It was a time that called for rallying the nation and tapping into the desire all of us had to do something for our country.
An enlightened nationalism that is not so blinded by our overwhelming military power that we fail to see the genuine benefit and obvious need to work with others.	And I believe history will judge President Bush most harshly for squandering that opportunity.
The American people understand very clearly what matters most. They "get it." It's pretty	These squandered opportunities persist to this day here at home, and beyond our borders.
	Here at home, when Americans were standing in long lines to give blood after the attack on the World Trade Center and the Pentagon, we squandered an obvious opportunity to make service a noble cause again, and rekindle an American spirit of community.
	We squandered the opportunity to rally

Americans to produce a rational policy to achieve energy security. We squandered the opportunity to rally Americans to build an effective homeland defense, to make our borders and ports safer, our transportation systems more secure, and our nuclear power plants less vulnerable.

And finally, beyond our borders, we squandered the opportunity to build an effective national security strategy to meet these new threats without alienating the world.

As you all know, Defense Secretary Rumsfeld likes to send internal memos that have been dubbed “snowflakes.” Last week, one of them failed to melt before it floated into the public domain.

Or, perhaps, the Secretary of Defense never intended for this particular “snowflake” to melt at all.

In any case, most of the media focused on the parts of the memo that talked about our “mixed results” with Al Qaeda and the “long hard slog” still ahead in Afghanistan and Iraq.

Those are important points. But to me, the most astounding part of the memo was Secretary Rumsfeld’s admission that we still lack a long term strategy for winning the war against terrorism. He asked:

“Are we capturing, killing or deterring and dissuading more terrorists every day than the madrassas and radical clerics are recruiting, training and deploying against us?”

“Does the U.S. need to fashion a broad, integrated plan to stop the next generation of terrorists?”

Those are exactly the right questions — only they’re being asked two years too late.

And the short answer to that last question — “do we need to fashion a broad, integrated plan” — is a resounding yes.

Fifty or 100 years from now, historians will write many books about whether this generation rose to the occasion.

In the end, we will be judged by how well we

marshal the forces of civilization to combat international terrorism.

We will be judged by how well we work with others to eliminate the proliferation of weapons of mass destruction.

We will be judged by how well we inspire the world to deal with epidemics and pandemics that can kill millions around the world.

We will be judged by how well we lead those who side with us as modernity and globalization are assaulted by fundamentalism and intolerance.

We will be judged by how well we help spread economic advancement around the globe and how wisely we manage our economic and finite natural resources.

To begin moving this nation in the right direction, I believe we need to embrace a foreign policy of enlightened nationalism.

Let me explain what I mean by that, and what we must do to get there. First, we need to correct the imbalance between projecting power and staying power. America’s military is second to none.

It must and will remain second to none.

But staying power is just as important as projecting power and, on that account, the Administration is running a dangerous deficit.

In Afghanistan, we refused, until last month, to support the extension of ISAF beyond the capital.

The result is that President Karzai is the mayor of Kabul. Much of the country is in the hands of warlords, the Taliban is regrouping, reconstruction is way off track, and Afghanistan is the world’s number one producer of opium. The proceeds will fund new tyrants and terrorists. Our failure to win the peace in Afghanistan risks being repeated in Iraq.

That failure would condemn both countries to a future as failed states and we know from bitter experience that failed states are breeding grounds for terrorists and become transshipment hubs for WMD and drugs.

Our failure also would undermine America's strategic interests by enhancing the power and influence of extremists in Iran, endangering moderates and modernizers from Jordan to Turkey, risking the collapse of Pakistan, and making even bleaker the prospects for peace between Israelis and Palestinians. We have to show the staying power to write a different future.

The place to start is by securing the informed consent of the American people for finishing what we started in Afghanistan and Iraq.

The President should have leveled with the American people from the start about the hard road ahead in both countries, not just in private memos, not just from Secretary Rumsfeld, but in public statements, by the President.

He should have explained why success is critical and made clear it will take years, require billions of dollars and tens of thousands of troops.

If the President had leveled with the American people from the start and if the Administration's policies and planning weren't so off the mark, there wouldn't be so much doubt about the President's leadership now.

The President is still not leveling with the American people.

Instead of laying out the strategic stakes in Iraq, he argues that Iraq is the front line in the war against terrorism, and that we're better off fighting the terrorists in Baghdad than in Boston.

That's a false choice designed to appeal to the most basic fears of the American people.

The plain truth is that even if we succeed perfectly in Iraq, the terrorists will be fighting on dozens of other fronts. If we fail in Iraq, they will continue to fight us there as well.

Besides getting the consent of the American people. how do we build staying power?

We should adopt a more enlightened approach, informed by the lessons of the 1990s in the Balkans and beyond.

A more enlightened approach would empower experts in our own government to plan for post-conflict security and reconstruction ahead of time, not on the fly.

A more enlightened approach would build up an international police force to handle security after we topple a tyrant.

A more enlightened approach would create training programs to rapidly stand up indigenous armies and police forces.

A more enlightened approach, in short, would recognize that, whether we like it or not, nation building is going to be central to our foreign policy for years to come.

This Administration came to office disdaining that idea, only to be confronted with the two biggest tests in nation building since World War II. To date, it is failing both of those tests.

If we're not prepared to do the post-conflict, we should think twice about doing the conflict. And so we've got to be better prepared.

Let me add a few more words about Iraq.

I voted to give the President the authority to use force in Iraq.

For me, the question was never WHETHER we had to deal with Saddam Hussein, but WHEN and HOW and by what RATIONALE.

And it's precisely the WHEN, the HOW and the RATIONALE this Administration has gotten dangerously wrong. And we're paying a terrible price for those mistakes. We went to war too soon. There was no imminent threat.

The administration hyped parts of the intelligence to create a false sense of urgency. Instead, it created a crisis of credibility at home and abroad. As a result, it will be that much harder to rally others against more dangerous weapons programs in Iran and North Korea.

We went to war without the world.

As a result, the occupation of Iraq has an American face, and we're providing almost all of the troops and treasure.

We went to war based on the dangerous doctrine of preemption.

As a result, the world believes that the preemptive use of force is the sum and substance of our national security policy, with terribly destabilizing consequences I'll discuss in a few moments.

And we went to war without a plan and with the wrong assumptions for the Day After.

We've made winning the peace even harder than it should have been. As a result, we risk losing the support not only of the Iraqi people, but of the American people. I predict to you, before Christmas, two thirds of the American people will say bring the troops home.

And I predict to you, that it will be a disaster in terms of our security.

And so, we are left with three options.

We can bring the troops home now and suffer the strategic consequences.

We can stay virtually alone spend another \$100 billion in addition to the money we have already spent and keep over 100,000 forces in Iraq for at least another two to three years.

Or we can do everything in our power to make Iraq the world's problem, not just our own, by ceding more authority to the U.N. and our allies and building up an Iraqi army and police as fast and effectively as possible.

I'm glad the President has made a dramatic U-turn and now seems to be heading in the right direction.

The second step toward enlightened nationalism is to move away from the Administration's fixation on military preemption and focus on a true prevention strategy.

I agree with those in the Administration who argue that the nexus of new threats requires an additional response.

Deterrence got us through the Cold War, and it's logic still holds in most cases.

But it may not work against enemies, armed to the hilt, with no territory or people to defend. That's why the right to act preemptively against an imminent threat must remain, as it has been, a part of our foreign policy tool kit.

But this Administration has turned preemption from a necessary option into a one-size-fits-all doctrine that does away with any notion of imminence.

And that, too, will make us less secure. It tells our enemies that their only possible insurance policy against regime change is to acquire weapons of mass destruction as quickly as they can.

It sends a message to fault line states – like India and Pakistan, China and Taiwan, Israel and its Arab neighbors and Russia vis a vis Chechnya or Georgia – that it is legitimate to use force first and ask questions later.

And it so lowers the bar on showing a clear and present danger that such a concept becomes almost meaningless.

One senior administration official even said that the mere presence of nuclear scientists in Iraq would have justified the war.

We should jettison this military preemption doctrine and fashion a prevention doctrine to defuse problems long before they are on the verge of exploding.

What would that require?

It would require broader and better funded programs like Nunn-Lugar to help secure and destroy the loose weapons most likely to wind up in the wrong hands – starting with the stockpiles in the former Soviet Union. It would require new international laws that allow us to stop lethal cargoes anywhere on the high seas or in the skies, not just bilateral agreements limited to the territorial waters and air space of the participating countries.

It would require new alliances of intelligence agencies, law enforcement officials, and financial experts to uproot terrorists and end their funding.

Just as we built NATO to contend with the

primary threat to U.S. security of its day – the Soviet Union – we should look at creating IATO (the International Anti-Terrorism Organization) to deal with the leading security challenge of this day.

It would require fully funded development programs that demonstrate to those most likely to offer support and sanctuary to terrorists that we offer them a better future.

We spend a pittance on global education – about \$200 million a year. Meanwhile, the madrassas fill the heads of students with hate, but also fill their stomachs with food and put clothes on their backs.

It would require a long term public diplomacy strategy to debunk the myths and lies our enemies spin about America's intentions.

A new initiative, Radio Sawa, already reaches an average of more than 30 percent of potential listeners in Kuwait, Qatar, Egypt, Jordan and the UAE.

We should put the same energy into television broadcasting and make public diplomacy a career-enhancing pursuit, not a bureaucratic backwater.

And it would require a sustained policy of democratization in friendly countries with regressive regimes. Not by imposing democracy from the outside with force, but by helping to build its institutions from within by promoting good governance, the rule of law and transparency, political parties, independent media, secular education, private enterprise, and civil society.

Finally, a policy of enlightened nationalism would put much more energy into working with the world instead of walking alone.

Ask yourself: one hundred years from now, what will historians say were the greatest challenges the United States and other nation states faced at the start of this new century?

International terrorism. The spread of WMD. Outlaw states. Ethnic conflicts. International crime and drug trafficking. Infectious diseases like HIV-AIDS. Economic dislocation and environmental degradation.

Not one of these threats has any respect for borders. Not one is susceptible solely to a military response. To meet each of these challenges, we need the help of other countries. And we need to reform old institutions and alliances and build new ones to make common cause of the world's common concerns.

That's the approach a previous generation took after World War II. It's the approach we should take now.

Unfortunately, this Administration's gratuitous acts of unilateralism have alienated the partners we need to meet most of the challenges we face... and to build the new institutions we need.

We ignored NATO when, in the hours after the events of 9/11, it invoked Article V for the first time in its history, saying an attack on one was an attack on all.

We rejected Germany's offer of troops for Afghanistan, even after its Chancellor risked and almost lost a no confidence vote to provide them.

We summarily rejected a long litany of treaties that meant a lot to other countries even if they meant little to this Administration... without any effort to find a compromise or to propose an alternative where we had legitimate problems.

Why has this Administration shown such disdain for potential partners around the world?

I've concluded it's because this is the most ideological administration in U.S. history, led by neo-conservatives who believe the only asset that counts is our military might.

Because our military power dwarfs that of other countries – we spend more on defense than the rest of the world combined — this Administration believes that alliances and international institutions are more of a burden than a benefit. They allow the Lilliputians to tie down Gulliver.

In this view, we have nothing to lose from acting unilaterally. Indeed, we have everything to gain.

By demonstrating we're prepared to act without

the world and even against its collective will we can silence America's critics and create a bandwagon effect among reluctant allies.

But of course, there was never any doubt that we could topple the Taliban and defeat Saddam without the help of a single foreign soldier.

It's the day after victory and the many days, months and years after that that the price for our unilateral approach gets steeper and steeper.

Now, in Iraq, because we decided to wage war unilaterally, we're responsible for the peace – unilaterally.

And the price tag is not hard to calculate: 90 percent of the troops, 90 percent of the financial resources and 90 percent of the casualties are American.

There's another critical point here.

More than any country in the world, the United States benefits from an international system with clear, predictable rules and relationships.

This administration's approach – play by rules we like, ignore those we don't – will destroy that system.

In its place, we'll end up with a law of the jungle in which we will be the most powerful animal, but much less secure.

At the same time, those of us who preach the value and utility of international institutions and international rules must also understand that when they are flouted, they must be enforced.

Enlightened nationalism recognizes that there is a strong link between power and legitimacy. You can't have one without the other.

When we use force, we should go the extra mile to ground it in law and legitimacy.

But we must recognize that laws will prove meaningless if we do not summon the will to enforce them.

Let me say in conclusion, the foreign policy agenda pushed most forcefully by the neo-

conservatives has run head-on into reality in Afghanistan, Iraq and beyond.

As a result, for now, we're less secure. We have fewer friends. And we're running out of time and resources to get it right. It is long past time for the President to understand that the advice he has received has been wrong advice, that none of the assumptions on the neo-conservative side have proven to be true.

The best way to change course across the board is to elect a Democratic president who will act wisely, not react rashly, and embrace a foreign policy of enlightened nationalism.

A foreign policy based on a comprehensive strategy - including military might - but not excluding our diplomatic, economic and political power. A foreign policy that reflects our values and our history as a strong nation founded on unshakeable principles.

A foreign policy that thinks bigger and does better, motivated not by fear, but by opportunity. Because for all the difficult challenges we face, the opportunities before us are limitless and within our grasp. Ladies and gentlemen, Bill Clinton and I have one thing in common.

We share a favorite Irish poet: Seamus Heaney, who said, in a poem called *The Cure at Troy*:

"History says, don't hope On this side of the grave. But then, once in a lifetime The longed-for tidal wave Of justice can rise up, And hope and history rhyme."

If we get it right, and I know we will, we can make hope and history rhyme.

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RACE PATRIOTISM AS A
BIOLOGICAL FALLACY
from *Current Opinion*, July 1919

THE so-called race patriotism of the smaller European nations is a biological fallacy which the eminent physiologist, Professor G. F. Nicolai, considers an obstacle to the progress of humanity. In fact, the patriotism in question has no biological relation to race at all, so this student of the subject affirms.* (It will be remembered that he had to flee from Germany in an aeroplane for advancing views of the biology of war which were distasteful to the Berlin government.) The whole case for selfdetermination rests upon a biological fallacy which does not even give a superficial plausibility to the argument from a scientific standpoint. Thus, nearly all Germany's eminent men are of Celtic origin. Nietzsche was a Slav. Kant's family came over from Scotland. Germans believe in a "German" race only because it is their patriotic duty to pretend to. So it goes with all the other alleged "races." If we consider the foundation upon which these theories rest, we see that they are very slender and frail. It is not proved that a pure race is superior to a mixed one. Indeed it is impossible to define just what a human race is.

"A pedigree dog is said to be worth more than a mongrel, and this probably explains the strange view that a human being of pure race is worth more than one of mixed race. In the case of dogs, and to a less extent in that of other domestic animals, this can be understood ; for man originally selected for breeding such dogs as he liked or as were useful to him. Thus he bred a small, long-bodied race, with crooked legs suited for scratching holes in the ground, a dog spirited, strong and rapacious, the Dachshund, which he used for hunting animals living in holes or caves. Then he bred another land, tall and slender, with long legs, the greyhound, to hunt hares for him; and similarly he has bred vigilant Pomeranians, sharp-nosed setters, bloodhounds, and so on till we come to life-saving St. Bernards. "Now, each of these kinds has its own peculiar qualities, and in other respects its capacities have become quite deadened. Thus the greyhound cannot smell, and bulldogs are inclined to bite. In short, a biologist would say that these pure-bred

• Thi Biology or Wai. By G. F. Nicolai. New York: The Century Company. dogs were by no means particularly well equipped for life ; but man will have them so, and therefore he attaches less value to cross-breeds, in which the special characteristics of particular kinds of dogs of course vanish. The proof that, from the purely biological point of view, pedigree dogs are inferior is simply that the most highly-bred usually die out before long. Thus St. Bernards survived only for four generations, and there are no longer any absolutely pure-bred pug-dogs." It is certainly remarkable that police dogs, which from the nature of their employment must be highly trained, are not called "pedigree" dogs. Such dogs, in short, are useless except for some special purpose, and as dogs are used for so many purposes quite foreign to their nature, it is chiefly in their case that purity of race is greatly insisted upon. In the case of all other domestic animals, whether horses, cows, goats, pigs or what not, skilful crossing, or what breeders call improving, is considered of more importance than anything else, and whenever a particular breed is bred comparatively true, new blood must from time to time be introduced into it. The sole exceptions to this rule are race-horses, which are kept for sport only, and a few fancy breeds of pigeons. For work, none but halfblood horses can be used. German horse-breeders, moreover, have had to pay dearly for having acted on the suggestion of Bruce Low, and for a time buying nothing but pedigree horses. The strain of English pure-blood pedigree horses has not really been known for more than two hundred years and therefore is still comparatively young. In the animal kingdom, then, we find scarcely any warrant for the assertion that people of unmixed race are superior to others, and in mankind no warrant whatever for it, since there are absolutely no pure-bred races, with the possible exception of a few people on a very low level. Europe is an absolute race medley. The alleged superiority of unmixed races is a scientific imbecility. It is sometimes asserted that, altho

nations owe their origin to crossing, yet in course of time a uniform race is formed through these crossings and these "ancient" races are superior to more recent conglomerate races. This Self - Determination of Small Nations an Apparent Contradiction of Heredity statement, declares Professor Nicolai, is absolutely untrue. On the contrary, it is a remarkable fact that the legends of all peoples which have attained greatness tell of their having entered their countries as conquerors:

"Doubtless this is a reminiscence of an other fact of which history affords repeated confirmation—that powerful nations which leave their impress on the world always arise just where two national migrations came into collision and a new young empire resulted. This is also true of the ancient empires of the East. But—not to depart from Europe—Hellas and Rome arose out of that great migration which we describe as the Doric migration and the Greek colonization of the Mediterranean. The Roman Empire was, moreover, very closely connected with the Etruscan migrations. Again, the German medieval empire took its rise from the onslaughts of popular migration. It was Arab invasions which, in Spain (and therefore in a foreign land), gave rise to that Arab empire which was in every respect the most important, and subsequently the Spanish Empire arose. The

Norman invasions of France and England in the tenth century gave the impetus to the greatness of both these countries.

Prussia arose precisely where there was the greatest blending of Teutons, advancing from the tenth to the twelfth centuries over the Eastern Marches with the conquered Slavs.

"Quite possibly everything must not be set down to a mixture of blood, but something to dormant energies being aroused. The foregoing brief historical summary, however, suffices to disprove older races having in any way the advantage. Those who urge that all these instances are taken from ancient history may be referred to the unexampled progress of the United States. Here we see actually before us the rise of a young, vigorous nation composed of the leavings of old Europe,

sometimes inferior leavings, with a dash of negro and Indian blood, which, though slight, nevertheless cannot be ignored." Examinations of skulls is in itself an absolutely reliable method of race classification, except that we do not know whether the classification of skulls or the characteristics of skulls like other physical peculiarities are variable and, if so, why they vary:

"Thus if by means of skulls found and statistics it is easy to prove that in Germany the round-headed (or brunet) type is gradually increasing, or if in America a certain Indian type has lately somewhat frequently occurred among the whites, we still do not know, or at any rate we can not ascertain from skulls, why this is so. Is it because a certain portion of the population, originally in the minority, but possessed of characteristics which are always transmissible, is gradually forcing its way to the front? Has it to do with the signs of adaptation to certain outward conditions at present unknown to us? Or is the increase due to unsuspected immigration?

"In the face of these difficulties it might justly be said that, were ethnology to demonstrate the racial purity of the people, this would be convincing proof of its worthlessness. In reality, however, recent investigations have made an end of all such racial purity. Whereas most nations used to pride themselves on being of racially pure origin, tracing their descent usually to a god or a demigod, or at any rate to some famous hero, to-day it is probably only the Russians and Germans who passionately lay claim to racial purity. Or, rather, it is claimed by a limited part of both these nations, and one taken far too seriously by both,—the Pan Slavists and Pan-Germanists and their scientific protagonists.

MAKING A YALE ATHLETE

By Dr. William G. Anderson

Director of the Gymnasium at Yale University
Everybody's Magazine, July 1905

OLD JACKSON, '80, was talking with young Jackson, Jr., of the class of 1908, just before this sturdy son of his was departing for New Haven to pick up a Freshman's burdens:

"I haven't been back to the old place for a good many years," said the proud father, "and you've prepared in a Western school, so I suppose we're both out of touch with what they do at New Haven. You want to play football, and your mother is just as flustered at the notion as my mother was when I was putting up what they called a pretty stiff game as a Yale guard. But it won't hurt you, even if you do break a leg or two, and I take it for granted that you'll be getting into your football togs and trotting out to the field the day after you hit the campus. That's all there is to it, my boy. Put on your duds, tumble in with the 'scrubs' or the Freshmen, and play for your life."

The youngster flushed and gripped his father's hand, as he replied:

"I'll do my best to live up to your football reputation, if trying hard will do it."

A week later, young Jackson was unpacking the war-stained moleskins, tattered jersey, and cleated shoes of his "prep" school battles. As a plunging half-back of local renown, he was making ready to test his mettle on the Yale field, and the thought of it made his heart thump faster than its wont. Just then a Sophomore acquaintance from his own town strolled into the littered room.

"Just dropped in to see how you were getting on," he said. "By Jove, you haven't lost any time, have you? Been through your physical examinations and assigned to the football squad already? You're a hustling Freshman, you are."

Young Jackson felt puzzled and guilty as he stammered:

"What do you mean? Father said all I had to do was to chase out to the field and play football to beat the band. Have I made a break?"

"You write that daddy of yours that he isn't up to date," was the Sophomore's prompt and insolent comment. "He was

here in the Dark Ages. Before you can try for an athletic team, you must be weighed and measured and audited over in the 'Gym.' The new system is as stiff as a recruiting office. It isn't for you to say whether you can play football. Why, you may be drafted to the crew squad. Just put away those 'prep' school jeans and trot over to see the director of the 'Gym' and his staff, sonny. And don't be so chesty about running out to try for the team on your own hook."

The abashed Freshman was soon heading for the University gymnasium, convinced that his famous father was, indeed, "out of touch with the way they do things at New Haven." It was a timid young Jackson that sought the Director's office in the great building which swarmed with systematized energy. When his turn came, he asked the Director, with boyish earnestness:

"Please, sir, I want to try for the football team. How do I go about it?"

The Director surveyed the applicant, noted his well-knit frame, his heavy shoulders, and the glow of health in his frank young face.

"Why do you want to play football?" was the first question asked.

"Well, I like to play. I've had three years of it in school, and I felt like a two-year-old every season. It agrees with me, sir. And my father wants me to play, too. He was Jackson, '80, varsity guard for four years. And he hopes I may wear a 'Y' some day."

Timidity was gone. There was confidence in the set of the tanned jaw, and determination in the honest gray eyes. The Director smiled, for here was "Yale spirit" in the making, and ordered the youth to "strip to the buff." Young Jackson shed his clothes as if he were jumping out of them, and in a twinkling stood naked and unashamed, and wondering what was to be done with him.

The Director pounded his chest and thumped his back, kneaded his stomach, and felt him over as if he were a promising yearling at a horse fair. Even his eyes and ears and nose and teeth were examined and tested with scrutinizing care.

"Heart, lungs, and vegetative organs sound," grunted the physician. "Now we'll measure you."

He busied himself about the Freshman with a tape-line, as if he were getting specifications for a duplicate pattern of the youth's anatomy. These measurements included the

girth of his head, neck, trunk, arms, and legs, the depth and width of his head, neck, chest, abdomen, shoulders, and hips. His height, sitting and standing, the length of his arms and legs and back were not overlooked. Every item was carefully recorded.

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"Feeling pretty strong to-day?" asked the Director. "See if you can jerk some of these machines out by the roots."

Jackson scowled at the array of dynamometers as if he were about to charge an opposing rush-line.

"Let me at 'em," said he.

First he strove with the machine which registered the strength of his grip; then, red in the face, passed on to the apparatus for testing the forearm, upper arm, chest muscles, back, and legs. Sweating, puffing, and heaving, the youngster asked breathlessly as he finished:

"Did I take a fall out of them?"

"You're strong enough to pull a house down," was the gratifying response. "But there's one more test. Inflate your chest and blow in this spirometer. I want your lung capacity." The Freshman swelled and blew until his

eves were popping. The Director shook his head when the needle refused to move higher.

"You've made an excellent record with this one exception," said he. "Your lung capacity is below the average for men of your height. You're smoking too much. You'll have to stop tobacco if you want to be an athlete, and you can't afford to smoke even out of training. It's a shame for a man of your build to have a blot on his physical record. Our records, kept for twenty years, show that smokers fail to reach the physical star lards of the average non-smoker. Such figures ought to impress you."

While the Freshman, showing a somewhat rueful countenance, was getting into his clothes, the Director turned to speak to a visiting faculty member from another university, who had been an interested onlooker:

"This examination is similar to those given at Harvard, Columbia, Amherst, and other colleges, as you probably know. This young man has yet to fill out a blank question card, giving his family history from a physical standpoint. It is patterned after the application blanks used by insurance companies.

When all the data are in hand, the clerk

tabulates them for making out what we call an anthropometric chart. This is largely used elsewhere, and was devised by Dr. J. W. Seaver, of Yale. It shows how the student compares in size, weight, and strength with the average for his build; and these averages have been compiled from the records of many thousands of students. There are over fifty items on the chart, and when the student studies his own 'anthropometric line,' he can see at a glance wherein he falls short of normal standards." Trying to hide his impatience, the Fresh

man hung within earshot, and at length ventured to break in with the all-important question:

"Did you mean that I may play football?"

"You may play it as hard as you like," was the verdict.

"Why do you tell me to play football instead of advising me to join the crew or baseball or track squads?" asked the Freshman with unwonted boldness, for his curiosity had been aroused.

"Because for football, the student needs a strong, compact body, with wide waist, large thighs and legs, and a thorax of sufficient size to give ample room for the action of the heart and lungs."

Young Jackson did not wait to hear more, but, glancing at the clock, and noting that by hard running he might reach the Yale field in time for the afternoon practise, he bolted, with joy in his heart.

Picking up the thread of his explanation, the Director turned to the faculty visitor and said:

"It was easy to classify that impetuous young athlete. He's the kind the football coaches like to find. How should I pick out a crew man? The oarsman needs long limbs and a long trunk, as well as the qualities that make the good football player. A man of short stature may make a battering ram on the gridiron, but to handle a twelve-foot sweep in the university shell, he needs plenty of reach. These photographs will show what I mean.

Here's a winning Yale crew, tall chaps, running to six feet of height, with fine, powerful backs, and, taking

it all in all, the bestlooking athletes in the university.

"The runners of the track team are built on the greyhound plan as a rule, with slender legs and light bodies, and their most reliable muscles are on the front of the thigh and the back of the lower leg.

Here is a picture of a champion jumper. He has the architecture of the grasshopper. The mechanics of his physique enable him to carry his body a long distance through the air, from either a running or a standing start."

The visitor looked over other photographs of Vale teams and put a questioning finger on a group of gymnasts.

"Those men who train in the gymnasium are large above the waist," explained the Director, "with slender, tapering legs, while the chests are especially well developed, with bulging muscles on top of the shoulders."

"But even the novice could not mistake this group of college bicycle riders. Even without a label, he would guess that they are in some kind of athletics that requires a great deal of leg work. Those powerful thighs and big calves are evidently human pistonrods, developed to carry their owners over miles of ground at a rapid rate with tremendous energy and the minimum of fatigue." The director picked up a photograph of a number of sleek-looking young men with no upper bodies and muscular display at all. The visitor eyed these athletes with suspicion. They looked "soft." "That is our championship swimming team," said the Director. "No wonder you thought they looked fat and luxurious. But a thin man doesn't stick to swimming as a sport. He becomes chilled before he is tired,

for the water absorbs heat from every square inch of him. Those fellows look as sleek as seals, but they are well muscled beneath the adipose tissue that keeps their bodies warm while in the water. The swimmers work hard in the gymnasium, but fine muscular framework does not make the fine swimmer. He has a natural fondness for the sport and builds himself up for it. He is a pretty confirmation of this theory of athletic selection."

The visitor asked with a show of personal interest: "You've said nothing about baseball. That used to be my specialty.

How do you size up the man of the bat and the bases?"

The Director confessed with a gesture of dismay:

"The baseball player comes in all sizes and all kinds of human packages. I don't attempt to classify him, beyond certifying to his soundness of wind and limb. Think of the crack players you have known. Why, here at Vale, compare 'Dutch' Carter, six feet three or four, and as wide as a fence post, with Billy Murphy, the meteoric shortslop, who afterward played with a League nine. Murphy was what the boys called 'as big as a pint of peanuts,' and beside Carter he looked like a little lad in primary school.

No, the baseball man is between five and six feet high, and between a hundred and forty and two hundred pounds, big, slim and stocky, fat and thin, all kinds and conditions. Barring him, we are able to tell, with profit to the man and to the athletics of the university, whether a student will be most successful as

a football player, a track man, a crew man, or a gymnast."

"I should like to see X-ray photographs of the hearts and lungs of these young men," remarked the visitor at parting. "I suppose they have developed their internal machinery in harmony with their muscles. This is making athletes by machinery."

After young Jackson had taken census of the bruises that bore record of his first day on the Yale field, he wrote home to his father:

"They don't do things your way nowadays. Athletics are organized like your factory, and it's mighty good for the raw material. Here is the first law I stacked up against, and it's an edict of the Yale Corporation : "Required, that every man who presents himself for exercise in the gymnasium, or who desires to use its privileges [that means trying for a team, too], shall first submit to an examination by the Medical Director; or in default of such an examination, shall bring from his physician a written certificate (the form to be furnished by the Medical Director) that he is physically sound, or a written certificate from his parent or guardian that he wishes the student excused from the examination and that he himself will take the responsibility of the consequences of exercise without a previous examination.'

"They don't intend to have any fine young men dropping dead of heart disease on the field, nor wasting their young lives trying for the eleven when they ought to be working at chest -weights and dumb-bells. I played football to-day, and was taken from the Freshman field and put on the scrub team against the varsity. If I survive until the end of the week, I'll write you more about it Sunday." Young Jackson had the right kind of stuff in him, and stood the hammering test of the "scrubs" with such success that mid-season found him playing in the "smaller college games" as right half-back for Yale. But any previous notions he might have entertained, that college was all football and no study, were knocked in the head. He found that intelligent system so ordered his hours that work and play were not allowed to invade each other's territory. After morning recitation hours, Jackson joined the squad in the back-lot of the "Gym" for light practice, and in the afternoon he put in his hammer-and-tongs practice session at the

Field. But between times he must attend his fifteen hours a week of recitations, and use two or three hours a day for study. He learned that "low stand" was the exception among university athletes, and that a fine record in the classroom added to the honors gained in athletics. The football training was severe, but in many ways the Freshman learned that it was good for his mind and body. On the field the coaches drove him remorselessly, but the trainer, M. C. Murphy, was always alert to look after his diet, to see that he was not getting "stale," to tit his fine body for the task. Masseurs rubbed him down after the practice, and special physicians in charge of the squad tended his bruises and sprains, and helped to make him fitter for the fray. But none of these allies could give him a stouter heart. Fighting down discouragement and "sticking to it" with gritted teeth were his own intimate business, and something more than trainers and scientific care could give, came to his assistance. This was what is called the "Yale spirit." At the annual Yale dinner at Chautauqua last summer, Secretary Taft was the guest of honor and he tried to tell what this "spirit" is. "It can not be described," he said; "it is an atmosphere, it is the result of loyalty to the university, and honor in competition; it is the sum total of the best that a true Yale man can do for his Alma Mater; it is not necessarily found in athletics alone."

And this Freshman was hearing about the names and deeds of such men as Camp, and Hartwell, Stag";, HetTelfinger, Sharpe, Bowman, Brown, Hob Cook, McClung, and others who worked and fought for Yale and gloried in her fame all because of love and loyalty and joy in well-doing. Then the Freshman perceived that there was more in football than winning the game, that it was a precious privilege to undergo this discipline of mind and body, the reward of which was to be reaped through a lifetime.

But while he was making his career in Yale athletics, young Jackson became worried about his roommate. This youngster seemed in "bad shape." His light-hearted comrades called him a "grind," and scoffed at his insatiable hunger for "book-fodder." But Jackson was gaining skill in reading physical condition, and he saw in his roommate's nervous irritation, inability to sleep and eat, and in his unwholesome pallor, so many

danger-signals.

"You'll break down and have to go home a wreck," exhorted Jackson. "Why don't you get out and take some exercise? You don't want to be one of those valedictorians you read about, whose diploma is shoved with the flowers into the hearse. It's all tommyrot for you to be all used up in this glorious fall weather. Look at me: I could pull the 'Gym' up by the roots."

The roommate wiped his glasses and replied with a weary smile:

"I'm no athlete. They'd throw me out of the 'Gym.' What's the use of my getting out with any of the teams? They're not looking for weeds like me. And I haven't time for regular exercise."

"Haven't time!" snorted Jackson. "Put on your hat and come over to the 'Gym' with me right now, or I'll—I'll make a bonfire of your books, I'll rough-house you, and I'll write home to your folks that you're killing yourself, like a bat-eyed lunatic."

There was no withstanding these threats. The roommate followed in tow of his strenuous friend, and was fairly lugged into the office of Dr. Callahan, whose specialty is just such cases as this. The Doctor shook his head dubiously and insisted upon examining the "grind" then and there. He diagnosed the poor digestion, the cold hands and feet, the "fidgety" temperament, and the sallow complexion as indicating overwork and under exercise, and prescribed a schedule of gymnasium work to begin at once. Exercises for the waist and abdominal muscles were recommended to stimulate to renewed activity the ill-used liver, stomach, kidneys, and intestines. For the poor circulation he ordered active leg-work to pump blood from the heart and open the lungs, and for the overworked brain, quieting movements to draw away the blood from the congested centers. The roommate was properly alarmed, and took at once to the treatment, but doggedly and with no more signs of pleasure in the exercise than he would have shown had bitter medicine been prescribed. Before long, however, he was plodding around the running track of the "Gym" with a new spring in his stride, for he found he was not condemned to solitary slavery. After the Christmas vacation the candidates for the athletic team swarmed into the building. He was astonished to see three hundred men from the Freshman classes

respond to the call of the trainer, "Mike" Murphy. The roommate decided that there were would-be athletes in these squads every bit as spider-legged and flat-chested as himself. Amazed at his own assurance, he joined the track squad, and ran out of doors, two, three, and four miles, in bracing winter sunshine. He expected every day to be dropped by the wayside in the ruthless weeding out of the unfit, but somehow the trainer overlooked him. One afternoon in early spring, he burst into his room, and yelled at young Jackson:

"Mike Murphy says I'm built for a sprinter and that I'm coming on in fine style. He wants me to come out to the field to-morrow. And he says I may go to the training-table with the team. It's a joke, picking me for an athlete."

The football player eyed his chum with approval. "You look as hard as nails," said he, "and I have a notion you can run some. The spring games are coming soon. There's your chance."

No one else was half so astonished as the "grind" when he ran the "220" in brilliant style and captured the event from a field of novices. This was followed by his formal selection as one of the Yale Athletic Team, and in May he won his five points for the blue by carrying off a hotly contested sprint against the pick of the intercollegiate world. "And I've stood as well in my classes in spite of it," he told Jackson. "My, but I feel good!"

This is no fanciful case. It has often happened that men of marked athletic ability were discovered by accident, men who did not at all realize their latent power, which could not have been developed without intelligent system, and supervision of the physical condition of the student at large. Such a young man as this "grind" finds that athletics can be made a vital part of his education, and that qualities of lasting worth are stimulated by the track and field and river, as well as by the class and lecture room. Against the tendency to make sport rather the chief end of a man's college course than a wholesome incident, many safeguards have been devised. In many colleges the student is barred from athletics if his class work falls below a certain standard. If a man fails in his studies and returns the following year, he is called a "repeater," and can not compete

in athletic contests until he has made up his deficiencies. At Yale it is the fact that all efforts to regulate college athletics have won the sympathy and cooperation of the students. The evils of betting, too high-keyed excitement and absorption in the contest, the temptation to neglect recitations, the notoriety of the athlete, must be and are fought with persistent effort.

Sport is a safety-valve for the healthy youth who must and should be active, and we must find the right way to use this surplus energy which is bound to "blow off." The department of physical training in the modern college is devised to meet the rational demand and need of the healthy student. Organized sport has obliterated the old-time carousing in the saloons, the drinking-bouts, and the rioting, and has raised new standards of right and healthy living.

Returning to our young friend, Jackson, for a text: As a Freshman he "made the eleven" in the autumn. In the spring, by uncommon versatility of powers, he won a place on the nine, thus capturing two "Y's" in his Freshman year. Now, it is worth while to note the mental and physical qualifications of such a man and to look at his position among the men of his class and college. He possessed physical endurance, tenacity of purpose, the grit of a bull-dog, and a cool-headed reliability in moments of crucial stress. He lived as by clockwork. He was careful about his eating, his hours of sleep, he was moderate in his social diversions, obedient to the discipline of coaches and captains and trainers. His present influence as an undergraduate is tremendous for good. His position is commanding in the organized social life of the campus world, and his name will be handed down in verse and story and tradition. He can place himself on record as opposed to all perversion of sport, and his words will carry weight.

The hostile criticism that athletes "die young" has been so often made without definite refutation that it passes for truth among those who mistake rumor for fact. An investigation of the health and longevity of college athletes must be exhaustive to furnish trustworthy data. Realizing the importance of such statistics, Professor Franklin B. Dexter, the Librarian of Yale, has recently completed the task of collecting the records of 761

athletes who competed in intercollegiate events and won their "Y's" on the eleven, the nine, the crew, and the track team between 1855 and 1904. This material was gathered for a prominent life-insurance company, and later given to the Director of the Gymnasium. The main deductions are as follows:

Of these 761 athletes, 51 have died since graduation. The causes were: consumption, 12; pneumonia, 4; drowning, 6; heart disease, 2; suicide, 2; war and accident, 3; died from unknown causes, or disappeared, 10; from various diseases (fevers, appendicitis, cancer, diphtheria, paresis, dissipation, etc.), 12.

Of these 51 men, 18 rowed, 16 played football, 11 were track athletes, and 6 played baseball. The ages of those who have died show these extremes and averages:

Sport Extremes of age Average ages at death
Crew

Football

Baseball

Track

20 to 68 years

22 to 37 "

41.7 years

30-3 "

20 to 39 " 28.3 "

21 to 33 " 25.4 "

If the 4 who were drowned while young are eliminated from the crew table, the average age is raised to 47.1 years.

Turning to the 710 living athletes: those who have passed 40 may be thus grouped:
113 men are between 40 and 49 years of age.
86 " " " 50 " 59 " " "
22 " " " 60 " 69 " " "

Of the Yale athletes in their latter years, 14 are between 60 and 65 years, 1 is 65, 3 are 66, 1 is 67, 2 are 68, and 1 is 69. In brief, barring violent deaths, only 40 of these 761 Yale athletes, in a period of nearly fifty years, have been lost from the ranks of the living.

It is a widespread opinion that athletes are liable to heart trouble, but only 2 Yale men of this sturdy little army have died from this cause. It would seem more significant that of the 51 deaths, 16 were due to lung affections (consumption and pneumonia), the sports engaged in being football, 6; rowings; baseball, 2; and track athletics, 4. It would be unwise to state that athletic training is a predisposing cause of lung trouble, for they may be only coincident.

I have been assured by a life-insurance expert that college athletes, barring the track men, show a better average expectation of life than their non-athletic classmates, and much better than the general average of insured lives.

The most valuable study of the life records of college oarsmen lately attempted in this country was made by Dr. George Meylan, Director of the Columbia University Gymnasium. As published in the Harvard Graduates' Magazine, his conclusions were: "He [Dr. Meylan] has studied the individual history of every oarsman graduated from Harvard in the period of forty-one years, between 1852 and 1893. The results show that, compared with other men as to longevity, these athletes have had an expectation of life, barring accidental deaths in the list, of more than five years longer than the average standards of the insurance mortality tables. Of the total number of 152 men whose records were traced, 123 were living in 1904. Not one death was in any way caused by over exertion in athletics during college years, only two men have died of heart disease, and rowing was not blamed in these cases. Of the 32 oarsmen dead in more than half a century, 6 were killed in war, 2 by accidents, and only 1 died of consumption.

"The members of the first crew of 1851, then averaging twenty years, were expected to live, according to insurance averages, forty two years more. Five of the 8 are now living, and including the length of years of the 3 who are dead, the 8 exceeded their 'expectations,' by an average of more than a year a man."

These investigations show that the athlete possesses, as part of his equipment at graduation, the probability of better health and a longer life than the man who does not realize the priceless worth of a "sound mind in a sound body." And this ancient phrase is supported by the soundest physiological research. For, roughly speaking, there are two portions of the brain, one for the muscles, an other for the mind. If either is developed at the expense of the other, the result is an unbalanced mental state.

All voluntary muscular work develops that part of the brain known as the motor tract or Rolandic area, and as this section is closely connected with the fore-brain, which is believed to be the higher psychic center, what

ever nourishes the former benefits the latter. Therefore we expect to find in the rationally athletic student both sections developed, a helpful balance between the two, and thus a symmetrical preparation for life's work.

RUBEN DARIO A STUDY OF HIS CHARACTER AND WORKS

BY

XXX

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I

(After a brief characterization of the principal works of Dario, the author analyzes the poet and his poetry, and he gives a number of citations of verse, both to illustrate its quality and to justify his views regarding it.)

Ruben Dario has a reputation among those of his kind, not only as an eminent poet, the prince of the poets of the Spanish language, but also as the first, the most complete, the leading and most interesting man of letters of contemporary Spanish-American literature. In the continental press, as also in the criticism of Spain, the supreme esthete of Los raros is spoken of with respect, and the new generation, fascinated by the grandeur of his star, chants, in a noisy riot of neophytes, hymns of joy and affection to him, as if in the presence of a new Homer. For splendor, unexpectedness of imagery, excellence of form, vigor of vocabulary, force and depth of thought, and for the originality of his genius and the singularity of his temperament, Ruben Dario is, with the Colombian Guillermo Valencia, the Argentine Leopoldo Lugones, the Peruvian Jose Santos Chocano,

the Cuban Julian del Casal, the Mexican Amado Nervo, one of the greatest poets, if not the greatest poet, of Spanish America in the present period of the race and language.

Elyso de Carvalho. THE

work of Ruben Dario begins

positively with those marvelous Prosas

profanas, verses which the author calls prose, although they are pure poetry,

and poetry of fine metal. Regarding it, Justo Sierra says, in his prologue to Dario's

Peregrinaciones:

Such prose is pure poetry, pure art, goblets of Bohemian, cups of Sevres, chalices of gold, gems from the treasures of the Italian churches, amphoras of ceramic, into which Ruben has poured the- essence of his soul, informed by the instincts that rise to the soul from the depths of the organism, and tinge and turn it opaque like blood; fashioned by that pain which contact with other souls communicates to one's own soul and renders its essence transparent like tears; formed of what the soul gathers from the atoms that emanate from a hidden sun (the theory of emanations is manifest in poetry), from images without outline, projected by a world not seen, by the universe that begins there beyond, where this universe ends, and that transmute the shadow into a mysterious and infinite clarity. These are the poems that serve in our inner life as an altar-lamp which, at times, seems darkened, when it is inundated with what the poet delightfully calls a "sweetness of light."

The title *Prosas pro/anas*, applied to an exquisite volume of verse, was much discussed, although the most of the critics did not know that under it was set forth merely the purpose of making an allusion to one of the ancient forms of ecclesiastical poetry. For Remy de Gourmont, the learned author of *Le Latin mystique*, the title is a *trouvaille*. Ruben Dario had already published:

Epistolas y poemas, prose and verse (1886); *Ahrojos*, verses (1886); *Rimas*, (1887); *Aiul*, a collection of prose, verses, and poems, the latter being constructed according to the formula of Baudelaire and Mallarmé, and a sketch of his definitive work, a harbinger of the new literary era that he inaugurated (1888); *A. de Gilbert*, a critical study (1891); *Los raros*, a series of masterly studies, produced with much art and no little erudition, upon the most representative figures of that vast esthetic movement called decadentism, a sonorous apothegm in which all the modern literary schools that sprang up with naturalism and Parnassianism were contained, and a book that made common in the Spanish countries the names of Foe, Leconte de Lisle, Paul Verlaine, Villiers de l'Isle Adam, Jean Richepin, Leon Bloy, Jean Moreas,

Rachilde, Laurent Tailhade, Georges d'Esparbes, Jose Marti, Augusto de Armas, INTER-AMERICA

Max Nordau, Ibsen, Eugenic de Castro, etc., etc., (1896).

The second edition, published twelve years later, contains the following preface:

Apart from the notes upon Mauclair and Adam, all the contents of this book was written two years ago in Buenos Aires when symbolism was in full development in France. It fell to my lot to make this movement known in America, and on this account, and because of my verses of that period, I was attacked and stigmatized with the inevitable word decadent. All this has passed like my fresh youth. There is in these pages great enthusiasm, sincere admiration, much reading and no little good intention. In the natural evolution of my thought, the basis of it has always remained the same. I confess, however, that I have not approached any of my idols of other years, and I have recognized more than one mistake in my manner of perceiving. There remain the same passion for art, the same disdain of the vulgar and the same religion of beauty. But another autumnal reason has succeeded the eruptions of spring.

After the *Prosas pro/anas y otros poemas*, the first edition of which bears the date of 1896, he published *Espana conlempordnea*, a work that provoked impassioned polemics both in and out of Spain (1900); *Peregrinaciones*, notes on a trip through Europe (1901); *La cara- vana pasa*, a book of chronicles impregnated with erudition and genius (1902); *Tierras solares*, a strong and learned work in which are exhibited a vigorous narrator, an exuberant colorist, an eminent landscapist, sensual and at the same time mystical, indeed, a record of art, of life and of dreams (1914); *Cantos de vida y esperania*, followed by *Los cisnes y otros poemas*, the masterpiece of the poet (1905); a very conscientious *Oda a Mitre*, published upon the occasion of the death of the illustrious Argentine (1906); and finally, *Opiniones*, pages of criticism, literary studies and impressionistic notes, preceded by the following statement: In this book, as in all my books, I do not pretend to teach anything, for I am pleased to acknowledge myself the least pedagogical being of the earth. Here are my opinions, my

feelings, regarding things seen and ideas cherished, all expressed in the noblest manner of which I have been capable, since I will not be the companion of low thoughts or vulgar terms. I do not strive to make any one think as I think, or express himself as I do. Liberty! Liberty! my friends. And do not let yourselves wear any kind of livery.

The author appears in *Cantos de vida y esperanza* as a master in the full possession of his art, the absolute lord of his inspiration and language. He reveals himself in these poems in the clear splendor of all his qualities and artistic resources. In the full swing now of his literary career, checkered in spite of the tranquility of his life, and perfecting his poetic instrument, his inspiration continues undimmed, and his whole existence has been a constant, serene and noble struggle toward a more perfect blending of originality of thought and refinement of form, of imagery and the metric art, a very excelsior toward supreme beauty, intangible and redemptive. Finally, this prodigious work is a sublime transcript of new emotions, of modern thinking, that demands a complex and every day more refined and subtle art. A poet and a writer of prose, above all, a poet, even when he writes in prose, and a poet gifted with superb thought, admirable esthetic vision and an intense inner life; a poet with all the strength and all the weakness of a modern man, with all the profundity of a vast and select culture, Ruben Dario was truly a precursor, a creator, a man of destiny. *Prosas profanas*, a book that assured for ever the literary reputation of its author, marks an epoch in the history of Spanish-American literature, in that it inaugurates a new art in its aspiration and in its form, one emancipated from the old traditional esthetics and freed from the rules that obscured the abundant crystalline fountains of Castilian poetry. Spanish America, so wanting in true poets and artists, by the favor of the beneficent, creative and fruitful influence of this master, saw spring up a whole generation with noble spirits and rare talents. It will be sufficient to mention Chocano, Diaz Romero, Angel Estrada, Juan Ramon Molina, Santiago Argiello, Jaimes Freire,

Jose Asuncion Silva, Froylan Turcios. . . . RUBEN DARIO

The renaissance of Castilian poetry had not been expected, and this, without doubt, was the most vast, energetic and fecund movement that marked, in Spanish-American intellectual history, the transition from the past to the present. Emilio Carrere, a writer of talent, heralds Ruben Dario in the prologue to *La corte de los poetas*, an anthology of modern verse, as the true apostle of the poetic reformation: The influence of Ruben Dario upon Castilian poetry is evident.

Not the fresh and youthful

Age, applauded with rare sincerity by Juan Valera, but *Prosas profanas*, is the book of Ruben's that has produced in Spain an entire generation of poets. His stanzas are recited from memory in the literary circles; his rhythms are admired; and his rimes and his phrases are imitated. Moreover, those who, more independent, have not permitted themselves to be influenced by the letter, have been influenced by the spirit, which has suggested to them the task of seeking the inwardness of things, the reconditeness of souls, the mystery of places—subtleties, in fine, until now unrecognized or misprized.

A refined, aristocratic and sumptuous artist, Ruben Dario practices the art of dreaming, the worship of the unreal, idealism pure and simple; and he preaches a return to the past, not only for the rebirth of all that the past holds of greatness, but in order to consecrate the superexcellence of ecstasy and of history as the preparers of inspiration.

"

Is there in my veins some drop of the blood of Africa, or of the Chorotegan or Nagrañdan Indian?" he asks. "It might be," he continues, "in spite of my hands of a marquis; but behold, you see in my verses, princes, kings, imperial thrones, visions of remote and impossible landscapes, what you will! I detest the life and the time in which it fell to me to live; and even the president of a republic, I can not salute him in the language in which I would sing to thee, O Halagabel! whose court—gold, silver, marble—I remember in my dreams . . . (If there be poetry in America, it is found in the ancient things, in Palenque and Utatlan, in the legendary Indian, in the

sensual and stately Inca and in the great Moctezuma of the chair of gold. The rest is thine, democratic 'Walt Whitman . . .') My Spanish grandfather with a white beard shows me a series of illustrious portraits. 'This,' he says to me, 'is the great don Miguel de Cervantes Saavedra, a genius and maimed; this is Lope de Vega; this, Garcilaso; this, Quintana.' I ask him for the noble Gracian, for Santa Teresa, for the brave Gongora, and, the strongest of them all, don Francisco de Quevedo y Villegas. Afterward he exclaimed, 'Shakespeare, Dante, Hugo!' (and I to myself 'Verlaine'). Then, as I said farewell: 'Grandfather, I must tell you: my wife is of my country; my mistress is of Paris.'" His thought always wanders among the infinite constellations of sleep, in the nebulous regions of mysticism; and from the external world he seeks only the strange the subtle, the quintessence of phenomena, the bizarre, the unparalleled. Dario may well say with the French poet: *Le singulier me touche et l'étranger me charme* *J'excuse le bizarre et me sens fort éprise* *Du rare . . .* His work, so varied, so intense, so curious, enthusiastically expresses the seductions of the marvelous; it reveals a feverish effort to penetrate the rare. With an infinite will to create, he is continually snatching, in compliance with his introspective mission—extraordinarily intense in a nature so nervous and refined—strange flowers, rare colors, exotic landscapes, effects never glimpsed before. Ruben loves the fugitive, the *chiaoscuro*, the unfinished, the undulating, bells and swans, wind and twilight, silence and night; and, for translating his impalpable dreams, he has precious words, old familiar words, to which he gives a new and mysterious meaning. Ruben Dario, who possessed the intense and penetrating vision of the true intellectual; a keen, tranquil, clear, conscious and concentrated insight into dreams and men and things; and the secret of the artist, which consists in managing with great naturalness his resources for perfect self-expression, introduced into Castilian poetry, secrets, uncharted ways, new perspectives, esthetic novelties, revelations of inspired feeling, thought and rime, new

fountains of inspiration and of life, new formulas, new myths and new legends—transcending beauties. Justo Sierra says that Dario:

Has discovered and has made us experience one more sound, not perceived by any before him; and I repeat that it is Wagnerian music in Spanish verse, not only because of the prodigious variety of his measures, which, without Listen to the celestial rhetoric Of the bird and the air; and the nocturnal Ceometric irradiation, divine;

To the death with taciturn indifference, \nd link crystalline pearl with crystalline pearl Where truth scatters the store of her upset urn. Never was Castilian poetry nearer to music. In truth, these *Prosas profanas* are true pieces of music, of music lively and sad, playful and plaintive, like those doubt, go beyond the meter of the primitive gavottes and those minuets that were played poets, but because of the rhythm, which is in a minor key upon the timid harpsicords so appropriate to the theme that it is probable a fine ear, although that of one ignorant of the Spanish language, might infer, for example, from the *Marcha iriunfal* merely on account of its resonance, that it treated of something heroic and martial, and that from the composition entitled *Era un aire suave* a true oral minuet, it had to do with something of the century before last, that was wafted "between the smothered sobs of the violoncellos." For Ruben Dario, poetry, which ought to express the taste, the perfume and the color of objects, is rhythm, sonorousness, music, and music that pleases the ear, provokes dreaminess, seizes possession of the soul, a poem that shall be, not a statue or a painting, but simply a song. Verse is la chose a la volée Sparse au vent, incorporeal, airy, diffused.

Plus vague et plus soluble dans l'air, Sans rien en lui qui pese ou qui pose. expressive of complex states of souls, of subtle feelings and vague ideas. Musical rhythm is the categorical imperative in his attempts to express tenderness, resigned melancholy and the infinite longing of his soul. *De la musique avant toute chose* *De la musique encore et toujours.*

As Ruben says, when he counsels every one to love his rhythm:

Love thine own rhythm, and rime all thine actions Beneath its law, just as thou dost its

verses; Thou art thyself a verse of the universe.
 And thy soul is a very fountain of song. The
 celestial unity thou presupposest
 Will cause to spring up in thee manifold worlds;
 And, as thy numbers circling outward, resound,
 Pythagorize upon thy constellations.
 of the Triangons. "My organ," says
 Dario, "is an old Pompadourian harpsicord, at
 the sound of which my joyful ancestors danced
 their gavottes; and the
 perfume of thy breast is my perfume,
 eternal incensory of flesh, immortal
 Womanhood, flower of my rib . . ." The
 sad cadence of his stanzas, of his sweet rhythm,
 like a belfry of gold on unexpected
 mornings, not only physically enchants
 the ear, blit, penetrating the organism
 like an anaesthetic, snatchfes us up out of the
 world, drawing away the soul stirred with a
 longing to sing. Read the poem,
 Era un aire suave, one of the most expressive
 compositions, one that gives the most
 exact idea of the poet and his manner,
 and in which are found all his beauties
 and originalities, and even all his defects: The
 air was soft, ruffled by whirling zephyrs;
 The fairy Harmonia was timing her flights to
 rhythm;
 And vague phrases and tenuous sighs were
 wafted Between the smothered sobs of the
 violoncellos. Upon the terrace, hard by the
 umbragious
 boughs.
 What seemed a tremulo of /Eolian lyres, As
 when upreared the glossy white magnolias
 Caress with silky garments the stem that
 bears them. The Marquise Eulalie. both smiles and
 displeasure
 Was shedding at the same time upon two rivals:
 The ruddy, fair viscount, he the famed for duels.
 And the young abbot, author of the madrigals.
 Near at hand, crowned with the veined leaves
 of the vineyard.
 Bearded Terminus in his white mask was
 laughing,
 And, like an ephebe with lineaments of a girl, A
 staunch Diana displayed her naked marble.
 Beneath an arbor that might be love's palestra,
 O'er a rich socle, in the Ionian manner. Grasped
 in his right hand a lighted candela- brum,
 Flew the fleet Mercury of John of Bologna.
 The orchestra syllabled its magic accents, A
 chorus of winged sounds flooded the spaces, As
 gallant pavanas^ and fugitive gavottes
 Lightly sang the sweet violins of Hungary.

As she hears the reproaches of her gentlemen,
 The divine Eulalie in ripples spills her laughter,
 For she treasures ever the arrows of Eros,
 The belt of Cypria, the distaffs of Omphale.
 Woe to him who gathers her phrases of honey!
 Woe to him who confides in the song of her love!
 With her beautiful eyes and her lips of carmine
 The divine Eulalie in ripples spills her laughter.
 With eyes of blue, she is malign and beautiful;
 When she gazes she emits a strange vivid light;
 Shines in the stellar depths of her liquid pupils
 The soul of the ruddy crystal cup of champagne.
 It is a festal night and a ball in costume Makes
 display of its glory in worldly triumphs.
 The divine Eulalie, bedecked all in laces.
 Is plucking a flower with her polished fingers.
 The harmonious cadence of her silver laughter,
 Is like the joyous music of a happy bird. With
 the staccato of the challenging danseuse And
 the crazy fugues of the girl collegian.
 Amorous bird that never tires of trilling, Often
 its bill beneath its wings secreting, Vents cruel
 scorn beneath its folded pinion.
 Beneath the guileful wings of the airy fan. When
 at silent midnight it bursts into music. And
 Philomela moans in golden arpeggios;
 The ivory swan upon the tranquil waters. Like a
 white gondola, imprints its pallid wake.
 The marquise glad will hie her to the woodland.
 To the wood that hides the pleasant
 summerhouse,
 Where a page's arms will wait to embrace her.
 Who being a page must be at least her poet.
 To the accompaniment of an Italian air That the
 orchestra pours on the wandering
 breezes. The divine Eulalie, close by the rivals,
 The divine Eulalie ripples her laughter. ^A
 grave, stately Spanish dance with marked
 pauses.—Editor's note.
 Was it perhaps the time of the French Louis,
 Sun with a court of stars in field of azure? When
 the pompous, regal rose of Pompadour
 Inundated the castles with her fragrance?
 Was it when a beauty swayed with skirt uplifted
 By fingers of a nymph, dancing the minuet. And
 followed the sprightly music of the rhythm
 On a red heel and a light and dainty foot? Was
 it when shepherds in the flowery valleys
 Bedecked the young lambs with white,
 glistening ribbons. And divine young
 shepherdesses of Versailles Listened to the
 declarations of their knights?
 Was it in those good days of pastoral nobles,
 Of princess lovers and of tender gallants.
 When, in among the smiles and pearls and

flowers. Ever moved the sleek coats of the chamberlains? Was it in the north or was it in the south? Of the year, the day and the land, I know not; But I know that Eulalie is still laughing,

That her laughter of gold is hard, eternal. These stanzas recall the divine music of Gongora and the soft Pan flute of Verlaine, another rimer of enchantments, sorrows and melancholy. Jose Enrique Rodo, the eminent Uruguayan critic, in explaining the structure, the essence and the characteristics of the poetry of Ruben Dario, says, regarding these verses:

The composition is of a tone entirely new in our language, for the character of the beauty that is in it has not the great simplicity of classic elegance, nor even the vivacity of the purely

Spanish style, composed, as it is, of spices and the juice of grapes, which our poet has sung in verses of gypsy movements in the *Elogio de la seguidilla*. It is the grace of Watteau, provocative and subtle, incisive and fashioned after that French eighteenth century that the Goncourts, who felt and loved it so much, called "the smile of line, the soul of form and the spiritual physiognomy of manner." The originality of the versification contributes admirably to the effect of this delicious capriciousness. Never has the measure of the dodecasyllable, the venerable and heavy meter of the couplets of Juan de Mena, which the romanticists rejuvenated in Spain, after long oblivion,

•\s a spell for legendary evocations, fallen upon the ear in this peculiar manner. The poet has set upon it a new seal in his workshop; he has made it flexible, melodious, full of grace; and, liberating it from the burden of the three fixed and immutable accents, which held him subject like the clasps of its garment of iron, he has given to it an air of voluptuousness and softness by virtue of which the clasps seem to change into silken cords and the iron into marble. "The very measure has its purpose!" we might exclaim to this effect, parodying the anonymous poet of antiquity. Behold, how the ancient rhythm of the *Libro de las quierellas* and of the *Danza de la muerte* has bent its petrified knees of an ancient warrior upon the rosy cushion of gallantry.

His esthetics, which is very slightly theoretical, is summed up in the celebrated verses of the *Art poetique* of Verlaine.

Dario contends, in the lines preliminary to *Prosas profanas*, that, "as every word has a soul, there is in every verse, besides the verbal harmony, an ideal melody, the music often being only that of the idea." The musical element has a marked significance; it plays an important part in poetry; and if in music the empirical and badly delineated harmonies of other years enchant us to-day, why should not poetry also follow this evolution of the sensibilities? Ruben Dario has his own manner, original and unmistakable, of manipulating free verse, and, as his enlightened critics recognize, it is he who produces it best in Spanish, having no other rivals in European literature than Gabriele d'Annunzio, the prodigious genius who forges the luminous *laus vitae*; Emile Verhaeren, the visionary of *Les villes teniaculaires*; Viele-Griifm, the subtle singer of *La clarte de la vie*; and Eugenio de Castro, the noblest of the modern Portuguese poets. Do now but taste these verses of Dario's entitled: *For el influjo de la primavera*:

Upon a jar of crystal, Flowers twine. Last night
There was a rain of kisses. A two-horned faun
awakened

Behind a sensitive soul. Many flowers gave out
their perfume,
in the passional syringas Burst forth the seven
voices That had been set in seven choirs
By Pan. Ancient pagan rites Were renewed. The
star Of Venus shone most clear And

diamantine. Strawberries Of the woodland shed
their blood. The nest was in festival. A

Florentine dream

Bedecked itself with spring.

Meseems in living flesh The anxious dead

revived. Image to yourselves an oak

That should bear a fresh rose; A good Latin

woods' Pan

With a Greek and Parisian Bacchante.

Magnificent Music. A supreme

Primitive inspiration. Full of modern things,
A vast virile arrogance With aroma of odor di
femina;

A boulder of rock whereon

Reposes a lily. Divine season! Divine

Season! The dayspring smiles Most sweetly. The
tail Of the peacock proclaims

His glory. The sun increases

Its intimate influence; and the nerves Of the
harp vibrate alone. O sacred springtime!

O joy of the sacred gift Of life! O beautiful palm
Upon our foreheads! Neck
Of the swan! White dove! Red rose! Blue
pallium!

And all for thee, O soul, And for thee, body,,
and for thee. Idea, that dost link together!
And for Thee, what we seek But find not ever.
Never!

There is no doubt of it, Ruben Dario is the one
who in America has best utilized
this capricious combination of the Alexandrine:
stanzas of varied meters,
rimes, alliterations and assonances called
free verse. His free verse, constructed
exactly according to the singular theory
of ideal melody that he formulated, and
that was so diversely discussed, is the *essai de
meler, en une musique ires subtile, des rythmes
pairs et impairs*. The author of *Aiul* confesses
with elegant good nature
that in prose and rhythm the form of his verse
is in Paul Verlaine, and, above all, in the
ancient poet Gonzalo de Berceo, to
whom he dedicated the sonnet in which
he says:

I love thy delicious Alexandrine,
Spirit of Spain, as I do that of Hugo;
The latter is worth a goblet of champagne,
As the former wins "a glass of good wine." But to
one and the other divine bard. Strange alike is
the primitive prison:
The batten insults and the shackle injures. For
flight and liberty are their destiny. So I strive to
bring to the light
Thine ancient verse, whose wings I gild, and I
cause

It to shine with my modern enamel;
It has liberty with dignity
And it returns, as the. gerfalcon to the wrist
Bringing with it from the blue, rimes of gold.
Ruben Dario, who introduced into
Castilian poetry certain French rhythms,
and revived several rhythms of the classic
antiquity, has written admirable decircs, ayes
and songs after the manner of Johan
de Duenyas, Valtierra, and Johan de Torres,
Spanish troubadours of the fifteenth century.
Let the following serve as an ex- ample:

DEZIR^

(in the manner of johan de duenyas)
f . Regal Venus, sovereign Ruler Of desires and
passions, In the human tempest For thee flows
Blood of human hearts. Destiny presented me a
cup

And from it I drank thy wine. And it made me

drunk with pain; For it caused me to discover
That in the wine of love Lurks the bitterness of
the sea. To oblivion I gave turbulent Sentiment,
And I found a cunning satyr

Who on my thirsty lips bestowed

New breath,

A new cup and new wine.

" And when the spring drew near.

In my red blood fiery

Was enkindled a triple flame:

I to flaming love deliver

lAntiquated spelling of decir, which, in this
sense,

signifies a short poetical composition, for which
there seems to be no corresponding English
term.—Editor' s

' note.

The vintage of my life Under tendrils of fire. In
the mysterious fruit, Amber, rose. The lip
satisfies its want,

On a living rose plants

A butterfly

An ardent kiss or a prudent kiss. Good luck to
the Grecian satyr

Who taught me the sweet game!

In the kingdom of my aurora There is no

yesterday, to-day, to-morrow;

I dance the dance of the present

With the music of the pagans. Conclusion

Beauty, to whom niggard fate Was pleased to
prdain

I should become a tender martyr,

Gave a rare black pearl

To thee Luzbel For thy diadem of madness.

Dario is therefore an innovator. His

technique, his metrical processes, his poetic

innovations, his verses free of all convention,

emancipated from the fixed rules of ancient

metrics, without the pedantic

and useless caesuras, the tonic accents and the

obligato hemistiches, his strange

rhythms, his fluid, airy, musical words,

his audacious and unexpected images,

provoked in America, and especially in Spain,

innumerable discussions, hostile criticisms and

extreme defenders. Not long ago the author of

Tierras

solares wrote: The movement for liberty, which

it fell to my lot to initiate in America, spread

even to Spain, and both here and there a victory

has been achieved. Since, in respect of

technique,

I might have had too much to say, in the

country where poetic expression is atrophied

and

staid, to the point where the mummification of rhythm has come to be an article of faith, I shall make only a brief reference to it. In all the enlightened countries of Europe, use has been made of the absolutely classic hexameter, without the majority of the cultured and above all the deeply versed minority, being surprised at such a method of singing. In Italy, long ago, without mentioning the ancients, Carducci authorized hexameters; in English, I should hardly attempt to point out, because of the culture of my readers, that the Evangeline of Longfellow is in the same verse as that in which Horace expressed his best thoughts. With regard to modern free verse, is it not truly singular that in this land of Quevedos and Gongoras, the only innovators upon the lyric instrument, the only liberators of rhythm, have been the poets of the Madrid Comico and the librettists of light opera? I make this allusion because form is what first impresses the

multitudes. I am not a poet for the multitudes; but I know that inevitably I must go to them. A solitary dreamer of harmonies and premature dreams, a melancholy wanderer, always in search of perfect forms, new landscapes and undescribed sensations, he continues, without ever profaning the divine gift that he received with the dawn of life, to be a poet, always a poet, lord of the swans and of rare, noble and subtle rimes. I pursue a form that my style does not find, A bud of thought that strives to be a rose; With a kiss is announced that upon my lips alights The impossible caress of the Venus de Milo. The green palms chafe the white peristyle; The stars have foretold me the vision of the gods; And light lingers in my soul as reposes The moonbird upon the tranquil lake. And I find only a word that is fleeting. The melodious prelude that escapes from the flute, And the dream boat that sails into space; And beneath the window of my Sleeping Beauty, The continuous sigh of the splash of the fountain And the neck of the great white swan that interrogates.

Nostalgic and sorrowful like Heine, elegiac and sensual like Verlaine, visionary and invocative like Verhaeren, Ruben Dario, who Lives of love for America and of a passion for Spain,

is not only a great poet, but the poet of a race, the eloquent singer of the Spanish soul. His admirable Cantos de vida y esperan^a, impregnated with ardent mysticism and an extraordinary sincerity of expression, written in a language plastic, colorful, nervous and marvelously concise and limpid, evoke, sum up and include the ardent, impulsive, generous and dreamy soul par excellence of heroic Spain, the august and venerable, as full of hopes and illusions as of the repose of its heroisms, victories and conquests. Spain lurked in the depths of her heart, like a grand ancient legend, which he tormented himself to evoke, to see if he might not again give it life, like a great saudade^a that was never wholly extinguished. Such was the anguish of soul he suffered, in the presence of a strange and inevitable fatality, that at times, laments like the following, escaped him:

While the world draws breath, while the sphere revolves. While cordial hatred nourishes its dream,

And there be impossible tasks, impossible achievements—

A hidden America to find—Spain will live!

It was not merely love for the land of his forefathers, this that vibrated in the heart of the singer. It was a loftier aspiration that discouraged, afflicted and agonized him when he heard how his country moaned in death. Observe the intensity of the passion that flooded the soul of the poet in those most beautiful verses

entitled: Salutation del optimista, Al rey Oscar, Cyrano en Espana, tetania de nuestro senor don Quijote, and in the Oda a Roosevelt, which is, according to the poet himself, an "echo of the clamor of a continent entire," a proud protest, brilliant and eloquent, written "upon the wings of the immaculate swans, illustrious as Jupiter," against the future invader Of that ingenuous America that has Indian blood,

That still prays to Jesus Christ and still speaks Spanish.

The sumptuous poet was able, at the necessary moment, in verses, splendid, crystalline, terse; in stanzas of beauty incomparable, sonorous and vibrating, to assume the gestures, encompass the aspirations and summarize the feelings of a

whole people, thus making of his work

'A Portuguese word, untranslatable, nevertheless used in other languages to express the feeling to which it refers: an epitome of home-sickness, longing for the absent, and tender sadness.—Editor's note.

the song of the entire race of heroes and conquerors that we feel throbbing within, at the very moment in which immense voices are raised to proclaim the moral exhaustion of the land of Cervantes, Calderon, and Quevedo.

What signal makest thou, O swan, with curved neck. At the tread of the drear and wandering dreamers? Why so silent, since thou art white and lovely.

Tyrant toward the waters, callous toward the flowers?

I salute thee now in Latin verses As did of yore Publius Ovidius Naso;

The same nightingales chant the same lullabies; 'Tis the same song in different languages.

To thee my idiom ought not to seem foreign, Garcilaso thou saw'st erstwhile, I venture;

Son of America I, grandson of Spain;

Quevedo spoke thee in verse of Aranjuez.

O swans, the stately fans of your fresh pinions

Waft to the pallid brow purest caresses; And your white, picturesque figures exorcize From

our sorrowful minds somber ideas. The northern winter weighs us down with sadness.

Our roses wither and our palms evanish; Scarce an illusion in our spirits lingers.

And in our sterile souls we are as beggars.

War they preach to us, with ferocious eagles.

Gerfalcon of past years to our wrists returning;

No longer gleams, of ancient blades, the glories;

Gone Rodrigos, Jaimes, Alfonsos, Nunos!

In want of the valor by great things dowered.

What shall we poets do but haunt the lakelets?

In lieu of laurels, what more sweet than roses?

So lacking victories, we seek caresses.

Spanish America, like entire Europe,

Is fixed in the orient of its baleful fate;

I question the Sphinx that awaits the future.

Making thy bent neck my interrogation.

Shall we be delivered to fierce barbarians? Men, so many millions; shall we speak English?

No brave gentlemen, no great hidalgos; Let us be silent now; we shall weep later.

I have cast my cry, O swans, among you

Who have been faithful in my disillusion, While

I hear the flight of American colts And the last death-rattle of the dying lion.

And a black swan said: "Night announces the dayspring;"

A white one: "Dawn is immortal. Aurora Is immortal." O lands of sun and music. The box of Pandora with hope is still heavy.

Ethnic sentiments, a sense of danger and of glory, of the greatness and the decadence of the race, inspired the poet to sing other songs, no less beautiful with an antique beauty, so expressive and so profound, weirdly strange and penetrating, and with a subtle harmony in which the soul of the race seems to palpitate dolorous, loving, longing, as in the popular melodies of anonymous singers, that they will be considered the glory of the Castilian people, language and poetry.

Dario was melancholy and grave. In this epoch of pretentious and futile literature, he has known how to be sober and sad, without morgue and without pedantry.

He uttered, without grandiose words, without clamor, without declamations, without fine writing, very discreetly and soberly, his eternal dream of beauty and love, the manifold and fugitive sensations he experienced in the presence of the world; the sadness of his restless soul, melancholy and exquisite as the bloom of the poppy that cherishes precious treasures.

Without wishing to do so, perhaps, he summarizes the whole history of his soul in these stanzas that are as spiritual, inspired, tender, fluid and harmonious as the sublime harmonies of Parsifal, and in which weeps the sorrow of Caspar Hauser, with which he opens his Cantos de vida y esperanza:

I am he who yesterday uttered only The azure verse and the unhallowed music. Whose night time a tender nightingale gladdened. Which on the morrow turned into a skylark.

This melancholy, this sovereign melancholy, so penetrative and reflective, floods his most beautiful poems. There is felt in reading, for example, the two Nociurnos found in the second part of Cantos de vida y esperanza, this same elegant and discreet but pertinacious sadness, the incurable spleen[^] of elect

[^]English in the original.—Editor's note.

souls that perfumes the verses of the genial and incomparable English poet, John Keats. In these two nocturnes to which I refer, the total of the poet is there: pure form, loft\ and serene inspiration, very delicate and I Hellenic feeling. Ruben Dario cultivated the bitter science that informed the pessimistic quatrains^ of Omar Khayyam: the ironical and wise, Horace's *nocturnae* of the impotent and sorrowful dream. Yet he was not as one afflicted, an unfortunate, a tormented soul torturing itself in order to show forth clearly the vision of his pain, one vanquished and unsubmissive in his poetic pessimism, a wreck that drifts like a dismantled bark in the tempestuous sea of existence, without hope, wanting a course by which to steer. His pessimism was nothing more than the morne incuriosite of which Baudelaire tells us. He knew the world is not a garden of delights, that human existence is full of misery and suffering of all kinds. He did not martyrize himself like Leopardi and Quental, for instance, in clamoring against the world and in blaspheming life. Rather, on the contrary, he proclaimed that "life is pure and beautiful, sweet and serious," and that sorrow is a stimulant to life. He says somewhere: The earth is pregnant with so profound a sorrow That the dreamer, imperial, meditative. Suffers with the agonized heart of the world. Affliction, bitterness, delirium may be formulated. They may be the mark of the soul. They may serve as an index to the state of the spirit; but when they profess to have a value in themselves, they are intolerable. The supreme good of souls is a great inward peace, an infinite comfort, the adoration of sorrow and meme of existence. The only attitude, in truth, that may be deemed compatible with the moral greatness of the individual is that mentioned by Nietzsche: *amor fati*. He must love his destiny, love his fatality, love what he is, love what he ought to be. He will not attempt to change any part of the past or of the future; he will consider it as

^English in the original.—Editor's note.

existing eternally. He will not barely

endure necessity, even less will he dissemble it, inasmuch as all idealism is a lie in the presence of necessity—but he will love it. Such is the attitude of noble souls; and this has been the attitude of the poet. He has been able to confront sorrow with the majesty of his genius: while suffering he sang, instead of keeping dumb. There is in these songs, in an accent but slightly common in modern poetry, somewhat of the ardent wisdom of Goethe; for to elevate art to the highest problems of life is given to genius alone. Dario puts into his verses what there is in him of the best, a rare and strange nobility, comparable only to what Hamlet, the solitary of Elsinor, puts into his monologues. The vision, the thought and the sensibility of Dario are profound because of their very purity, and, like his art, they aspire to the greatness and the strength of perfection. At no time has Castilian verse approached more nearly the inward beauties that characterize the English poetry of the early days of the nineteenth century than in *Prosas profanas* and *Cantos de amor y esperanza*. Truly, Ruben Dario was a rare being, a pure and extreme artist, a supreme poet. In the world, he loved art alone. He was a splendid manifestation of the will to live, not merely in his books alone, but in his life through and through, and in the things that surrounded him. So, in distinction from the base and frivolous literature that may be acquired in the world's open markets at three and half francs, he conceived of an exaltedly pure poetry—inaccessible to the mind of the multitudes, created to give pleasure to rare and refined spirits—clothed in mystery and dreams, and imperative in the devotion it demanded of the faithful. His profession of faith is embodied in these lines from the preface to *Cantos de vida y esperanza*: My respect for the aristocracy of thought, for the nobility of art, is always the same. My ancient hatred of mediocrity, of intellectual mulattoism, of esthetic flat-nosedness, is scarcely diminished to-day by a reasoned indifference. When I said that my poetry was "mine of myself," I presented the first condition of my existence, without any pretense whatever of causing sectarianism in the minds or wills of others, and with an intense love of the absolute

in beauty.

Incapable of the least compromise in respect of art, setting before all things his mission as an adorer and a diffuser of eternal beauty, he considered that the poet ought to attend solely to his art, and to increasing as much as possible the human dream of beauty.

. . . couvrir de beaute la misere du monde,

as Verhaeren has said. Art is the aim of life, and the universe has no other reason for being and no other end than to achieve a work that will be a marvelous synthesis of all our dreams and all our sorrows. Ruben Dario, I repeat, was a spirit, ductile and winged, subtle and agile, as one might say of a Greek airy spirit,[^] and

his art, composed of a grace, spiritual, strange, silent and penetrating, is a complex and difficult secret. In order to discern the deep beauty,

the intimate nature and the process of his poetry, it is necessary to analyze his work, like some precious and fragile object, with a lens and with delicate precautions, approaching it with the same curiosity with which the hagiographer interprets a passage of the sacred books, or with the same affection with which the herbalist implores a flower to tell him its secrets.

I shall not do this, however. My intention has been to set down the most general and evident characteristics of his splendid talent. As English a term as *etherial*,[^] applied by Ruskin to the subtle poetry of the sublime singer of *The Blessed Damoiel*; will stand, as the purest note in human song, and *The House of Life*[^] of Daniel Gabriel Rossetti, called by Yeats the most felicitous of poets, and with whom the author of *Prosas profanas* has great

mental affinity, explain, define and perhaps sum up most completely, the ideas, the spirit and the work of Ruben Dario.

There is no criticism, not even that of the most erudite, subtle and perspicacious, that can give an exact expression of the emotion that is felt while reading these poems and while collecting, penetrating and feeling the riches, the magnificence and the thousand beauties they contain. I am of those who affirm that a work of art is not to be explained, analyzed, commented upon : it is to be felt. This is one of the evident superiorities, an absolute proof of its beauty, one of its admirable privileges.

No one can tell why a work is beautiful. Charles Grolleau writes:

Poetry has this of the divine: it escapes, whether because of its essence or whether because of its manifestations, the gilded falsehoods of exhibitions and museums. It is either understood or it is not understood. It is a question of deafness or of clear spiritual hearing; but it may not be sundered from the inward life, from what is musical expression, in order to stamp it dead against the walls of a gallery. Therefore, immobilized in human language, it shares in some measure in its infirmities, the greatest of which is to be multi-form, which limits its power from the double point of view of expression and of universal transmission. The best verses are but a weak echo of the harmonies which the poets perceive. Art is that smile of mystery and disillusion which can be so marvelously felt in the portrait of Mona Lisa, and which Leonardo da Vinci reproduced in his marbles and tapestries.

[^]English in the original.—Editor's note.

[^]English title quoted in the original.—Editor's note.
